TERMINATOR™

THE BURNING EARTH

RON
FORTIER

ALEX
ROSS

TERMINATOR™

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THE BURNING EARTH

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TERMINATOR™: THE BURNING EARTH

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INTRODUCTION

It's fun to see all the different directions this series about changing time has taken over the years.

The Burning Earth came out in 1990, a year before *T2* hit theaters. The first movie had left a lot to the imagination, and comics went to some interesting places filling in the gaps.

Before this, NOW Comics had an ongoing *Terminator* series that began in 1988. The covers read, "It's 2031, and the battle continues . . ." The resistance groups in it had some good names—Johnnie-O and the Synth-Slashers and Sarah's Slammers. They wore Vietnam-style army green uniforms and teamed up with a long-haired synthetic from the moon named Konrad. A good moon Terminator. Kyle Reese's kid brother Tim shows up, and later in the series they even find a Terminator town, with white picket fences and Terminators working in bakeries, as cops, and even a Terminator nun. Like something out of Patrick McGoohan's *The Prisoner*. There were Terminator wolves in it too.

Even these days, with the Dark Horse comics that are based on only the first *Terminator* movie, it's cool to see the writers dance around everything that was solidified in *T2*. I really enjoyed Zack Whedon and Andy MacDonald's *Terminator: 2029,* which focused on Kyle Reese's best friend Ben having to go back and save Reese, with everything happening in the future just before the movie and in the past just after it.

In this book's take on the future, a bearded—and without his *T2* scar—John Connor is known as Bear. The story opens with Bear pushed to his limits fighting pre-liquid-metal Cylon/KITT Terminators. Not to mention the T-808 Aurora: Skynet's Cindy-Crawford-in-Arnold-Schwarzenegger-cosplay unit.

I like the idea that this was a daunting first job for Ross, fighting through the madness of a fully painted comic with a deadline, while the comic itself is about characters who are exhausted but still must push forward. I assume that that struggle made it onto the page. I imagine the weight of deadlines pushing on him and Sarah Connor yelling from the VCR, "*Move it, Reese!* On your feet, soldier!"

I'm usually not a big fan of comics adapting movies, but *Terminator* sparked something, and I'm glad that there have been and will continue to be so many new takes on Cameron's fantastic world. I love looking back and thinking about what other possibilities there are for this future war.

"They say hell is warm."

"They lie."

Doo Do do do do
Brandon B-800 Graham
Vancouver, BC, 2031

In addition to being a *Terminator* superfan, Brandon Graham is the Eisner Award–winning creator of *King City* and *Multiple Warheads* and the writer and occasional artist of *Prophet*.

FOREWORD

YOU CAN'T KEEP A GOOD ROBOT DOWN

Way back in 1989, my then agent, Mike Freidrich, strongly urged me to attend the San Diego Comic-Con so that he could introduce me to various editors and publishers; the goal of course being to get my new scripting career off the ground. One of the publishers I met represented NOW Comics out of Chicago. During our initial conversation, he let it be known that they were unhappy with the direction of their *Terminator* series based on the movie blockbuster starring Arnold Schwarzenegger. They had made the mistake of hiring a sci-fi prose novelist and the scripts he was handing in were almost all talking-heads scenes with very little action. One of the things you quickly learn in writing comics is to keep the action moving. The best characterization takes place in the midst of the most dramatic action sequences. They asked me to send in a few plot ideas and I agreed to do so.

Now it's true-confession time. Leaving the NOW tables, I leaned over to my wife, Valerie, and whispered, "But I don't want to write a sci-fi series." My main goal for that trip rested snugly in my briefcase: a proposal to bring back the radio/TV hero the Green Hornet to comics. What I didn't expect was the lecture my dear wife delivered to me later that evening, its theme a simple one: if you want to be a writer, learn to write whatever it is they give. Period, end of story.

Soon after I got home from the con, NOW graciously sent me a package containing the first eight issues of their *Terminator* series. If they accepted my plot ideas, I would take over the writing with issue #9. After reading through each and every issue several times, it became clear to me that the original writer had missed the real essence of the story. No matter how much you dressed it up with science, futurism, and what have you, *The Terminator* was just another war saga. I was instantly reminded of all those great fifties DC titles with Sgt. Rock and his Easy Company. The only difference in *Terminator* was that the good guys were not fighting Nazis; they were fighting robots. It was that simple. With issue nine I introduced the members of one resistant unit amidst an all-out battle scene and from that point onward centered the narrative around this group.

And that's how I became the writer of the *Terminator* series. I would be on the book for a year. In that time, NOW actually went to bat for my Green Hornet proposal and within six months had obtained the license to do the new comic series. Soon I was doing two monthly comics, one a labor of love, the other a constant challenge. I'm sure you can deduce which was which.

Sadly, the artist on the *Terminator* series lacked any real storytelling skills, and half the material I would include in my scripts never made it to the printed page. It was frustrating to say the least, as I was doing my damnedest to make that series work while the artist was knocking off lackluster pages for a paycheck. Welcome to the world of comics as a business. Still, I kept writing the best stories I could and hoped for the best.

The best came a year later in a call telling me NOW had lost the rights to the property and to stop writing any new scripts. I hung up the phone and gave a shout of jubilation. Really, I did. Then the very next day that selfsame editor called to tell me there was as yet another change of plans. It seems NOW's contract actually allowed the company to produce five more issues. The publisher came up with the idea of creating a final miniseries that would detail the climactic last battle between mankind and its machine foe, the self-aware computer known as Skynet. Those were my marching orders: wrap things up. Put an end to it all. My mind instantly began whipping up grand, spectacular scenarios to make that happen. Then, as I started to hang up the receiver, my editor dropped her last piece of news: I would be working with a new artist on this end story. His name was Alex Ross and he painted comics.

Of course I really didn't know whether to be happy or cry. The concepts and themes that would become *Burning Earth* were exploding in my head like popcorn, and though I was happy the old artist was gone, I had absolutely no clue what this new kid had to offer, or didn't. Whenever I write a script that is intended for someone I've never worked with before, I overwrite it. I write tons more exposition so that I'm sure to give the artist whatever he or she needs to do their storytelling, and I assume they will edit out what they don't need. Thus the first script to *Terminator: The Burning Earth* was massive in its detailing. I finished it and mailed it off to NOW. All fingers crossed. I started working on the second issue.

A week later, my editor called saying this Ross guy had finished the first few pages of issue #1 and they were going to fax them to me. Ten minutes later, rolling off my small fax machine, in a monotone gray color, were the first three pages from my script. Holding them in my hands, studying each panel, my breath caught in my throat. There, on the page, was everything . . . everything . . . not a single element missing! My eyes traveled each panel and my joy continued to escalate. It took me all of three minutes to understand that Alex Ross was a genius graphic storyteller and that I'd just been granted an awesome treasure.

Looking over my shoulder, Valerie asked what I thought of his artwork. I grinned and replied, "Well, I guess I don't need to write big scripts anymore."

And that's how a project I almost said no to led me to work with one of the finest creators the comics world has ever known. There's a lesson in there for sure, people. I'm so thrilled with this new, deluxe edition from Dark Horse and hope it will find an entire new audience. It only goes to show, you can't keep a good robot down.

Ron Fortier
June 2013
Fort Collins, CO

F8TJ110
ke28TRAraD
TaoAtwiSXe
meRaJ
Z4zxvUL3tn
O1RTf8
x4rsltGfacOE
XeirAwsiAe
JoeMeZl
WETMxzhZ
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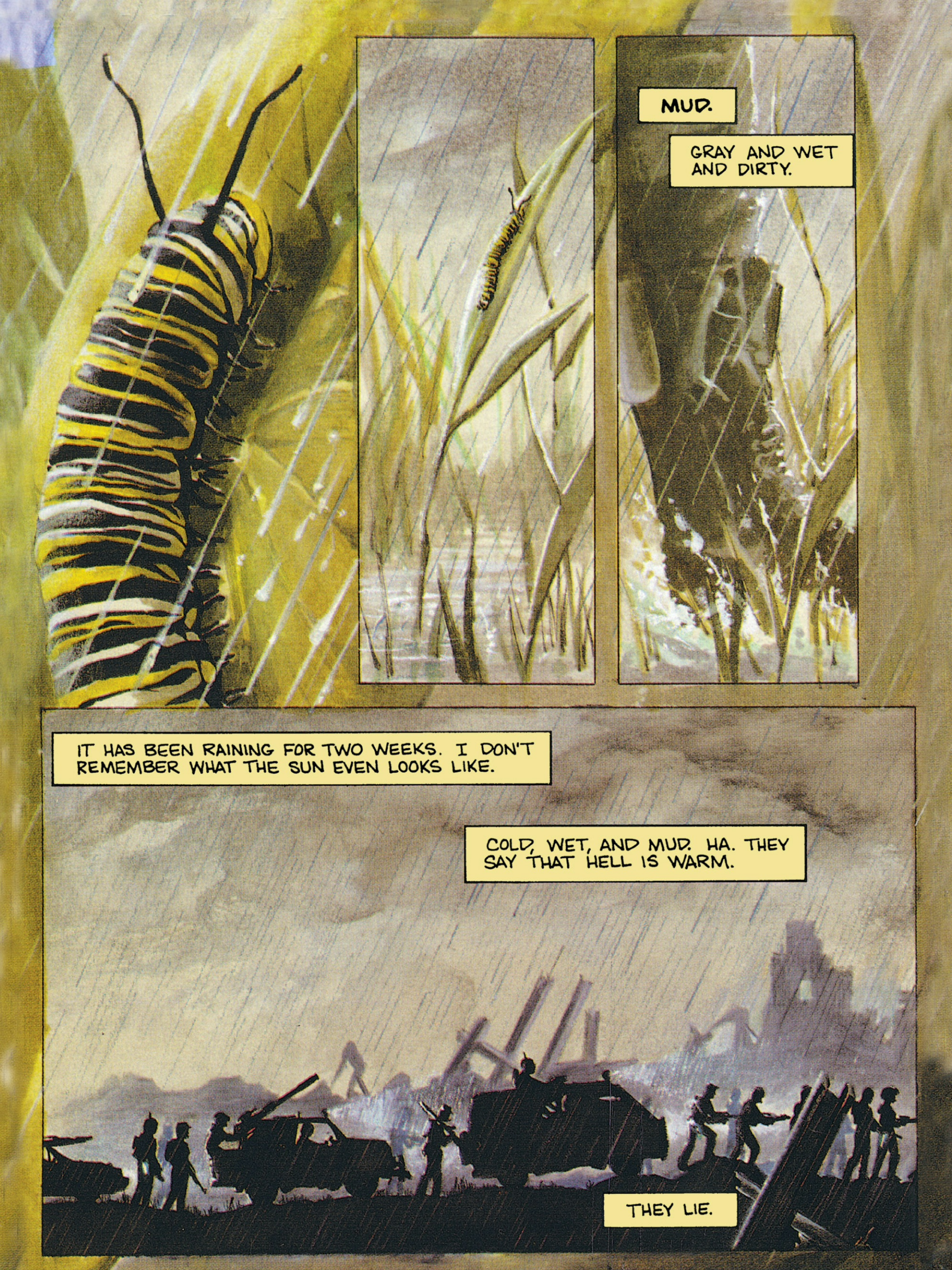
ke28TRAraD
JoeMeZl
XeirAwsiAe

CHAPTER ONE

WELCOME TO HELL


MUD.
GRAY AND WET AND DIRTY.
IT HAS BEEN RAINING FOR TWO WEEKS. I DON'T REMEMBER WHAT THE SUN EVEN LOOKS LIKE.
COLD, WET, AND MUD. HA. THEY SAY THAT HELL IS WARM.
THEY LIE.

RON FORTIER
WRITER

ALEXANDER ROSS
ILLUSTRATOR & COVER ARTIST

PATRICK WILLIAMS
LETTERER

KATHERINE LLEWELLYN
EDITOR

MICHELE MACH
ART DIRECTOR

TONY CAPUTO
EDITOR IN CHIEF

THE WAR IS FORTY YEARS OLD. NO ONE REMEMBERS WHAT YEAR IT IS SUPPOSED TO BE.
THEN AGAIN, WHO CARES.
AFTER A WHILE, YOU JUST MOVE FROM ONE BATTLE TO THE NEXT. AUTOMATICALLY.
LOOK, UP AHEAD. TIM AND STRIKER!
STOP THE COLUMN!
IT'S A TRAP! GO BACK!

HUNTER-KILLERS. SKYNET'S AIRBORNE DEATH DEALERS.
FOR EVERY ONE WE SHOOT DOWN, SKYNET SENDS TWO MORE AT US.
SKYNET OWNS THE SKY.
TANKS!
WE HAVEN'T GOT A PRAYER.
DEPLOY! SCATTER! DON'T GIVE THEM AN EASY TARGET!
BUCKLE YOUR SEAT BELTS, AMIGOS!
BUT WE STILL FIGHT. WE'VE DONE IT TOO LONG TO JUST ROLL OVER AND DIE NOW.

GET THAT CANNON FIRING!
ALMOST SET!
Ba-Room
YAHHH!

EVEN OUR VICTORIES...
...TURN TO FAILURES...
...LIKE A MOUTH FULL OF ASHES.
KEEE KRASH
OH NO!

DAMN IT, PATCH, HOLD US STEADY!
YAHOO!
IS HE SERIOUS?

IN THE PAST FEW MONTHS, SKYNET HAS STEPPED UP ITS ANNIHILATION CAMPAIGN.
GET IT!
POISON GAS! RUN!
TOXIC NERVE GAS HAS BECOME A FAMILIAR NIGHTMARE.
SKIN BLISTERS, LUNGS RUPTURE, AND THE HEART GOES INTO CARDIAC SHOCK.
TEN SECONDS IS ALL IT REQUIRES.
TEN UNBELIEVABLE SECONDS OF PAIN.

Bumf
WELL, LOOK WHO FINALLY SHOWED UP! THE SILENT ONE HIMSELF.
YOU GOT HERE JUST IN TIME, TIM. MAUDE AND I WERE JUST ABOUT TO GO TANK BASHING.
CARE TO JOIN US?
OKAY THEN, LET'S DO IT.
GRAB ONE OF THESE C-4 BAGS AND FOLLOW US.

DUCK!
GOT TO TAKE OUT THOSE REAR BARRELS!
KA-TANG
HUSTLE UP! IT'S GOING TO TURN.
I'M MOVING! I'M MOVING!

SET MARK
click
SPIT!
Fsszzzt
DOWN!

KABOOM

AAGH!
WE'RE FLIPPING!
CHRIST! WHAT KIND OF DRIVING IS THAT?
QUIT BITCHING. YOU'RE STILL ALIVE, AREN'T YOU?
TAKE COVER! HE'S COMING BACK!

FIGHT. FIGHT. FIGHT.
DON'T THINK. DON'T STOP AND REFLECT ABOUT ANY OF IT.
WIN OR LOSE. NOTHING.
JUST FIGHT.
YOU GOT HER!
NICE SHOOTING, BEAR.
THOOM

DIOS!
NEVER ANY TIME TO REST.
RUN AND FIGHT.
RUN AND FIGHT...
...UNTIL EVERY BREATH HURTS.

TIM, SUE! QUICK, HOP IN.
YOU'RE RIGHT ON TIME, SASHA. MY HIKING DAYS ARE OVER, I THINK.
WE GOT TO GET A TOURNIQUET ON THAT LEG!
HOW ARE WE DOING, LAFE? I SORT OF LOST COUNT OF WHO'S WINNING.
YOU'VE GOT A SICK SENSE OF HUMOR, LADY. WE DON'T GET OUT OF THIS VALLEY QUICK, THERE WON'T BE ANYONE LEFT TO PICK UP THE PIECES.

DON'T COUNT THE BEAR OUT YET. CONNOR HAS NEVER LET US DOWN BEFORE.
ENOUGH. I'M JUST TOO TIRED.
IT HAS TO END. PLEASE, DEAR GOD.
THIS LIFE OF CONSTANT SUFFERING.
I CAN'T TAKE IT ANYMORE. I JUST WANT TO REST. MAYBE THAT WOULD NOT BE SO BAD.
I JUST WANT TO SLEEP FOR MORE THAN AN HOUR.

IN DEATH THERE IS OBLIVION.
MAYBE I CAN FIND THE PEACE THIS WORLD COULD NOT PROVIDE.
SO EASY TO SLEEP FOREVER.
I'M STUCK! MY LEG'S CAUGHT!
IT WON'T BUDGE, JOEY!
IT HAS TO!
THE TANK IS RIGHT ON THEM.
THE CRAZY KID WILL NEVER SAVE HER NOW.

GET OUT OF HERE, JOEY. SAVE YOURSELF!
NO. I'M NOT LEAVING YOU!
WHY DOESN'T HE RUN?
HE CAN'T SAVE HER.
WHY?
NOOOO!

SPLISH
PISH
PLISH
HE WOULD NOT LET HER DIE ALONE.
IT WAS WORTH ENOUGH TO HIM TO GIVE UP HIS OWN LIFE.
OH GOD, FORGIVE ME.
WE WON'T GIVE UP! DO YOU HEAR ME, MACHINE!
WE WON'T STOP COMING! I SWEAR IT!

IT'S NO GOOD, BEAR. WE GOT TO FIND BETTER GROUND.
AFFIRMATIVE. WE'LL REGROUP WHEN WE'VE PUT SOME MILES BETWEEN US AND THIS DEATHTRAP.
SO, WE RUN FROM THE FIELD OF BATTLE LIKE WHIPPED DOGS.

SKYNET WOULD UNLEASH ITS JACKALS NOW.
PUPPETS OF HORROR CREATED IN THE MACHINE'S SICK GENIUS.
A STEEL-PLATED FRANKENSTEIN COPY OF MAN. A PERFECT DUPLICATE BUT FOR ONE EXCEPTION.

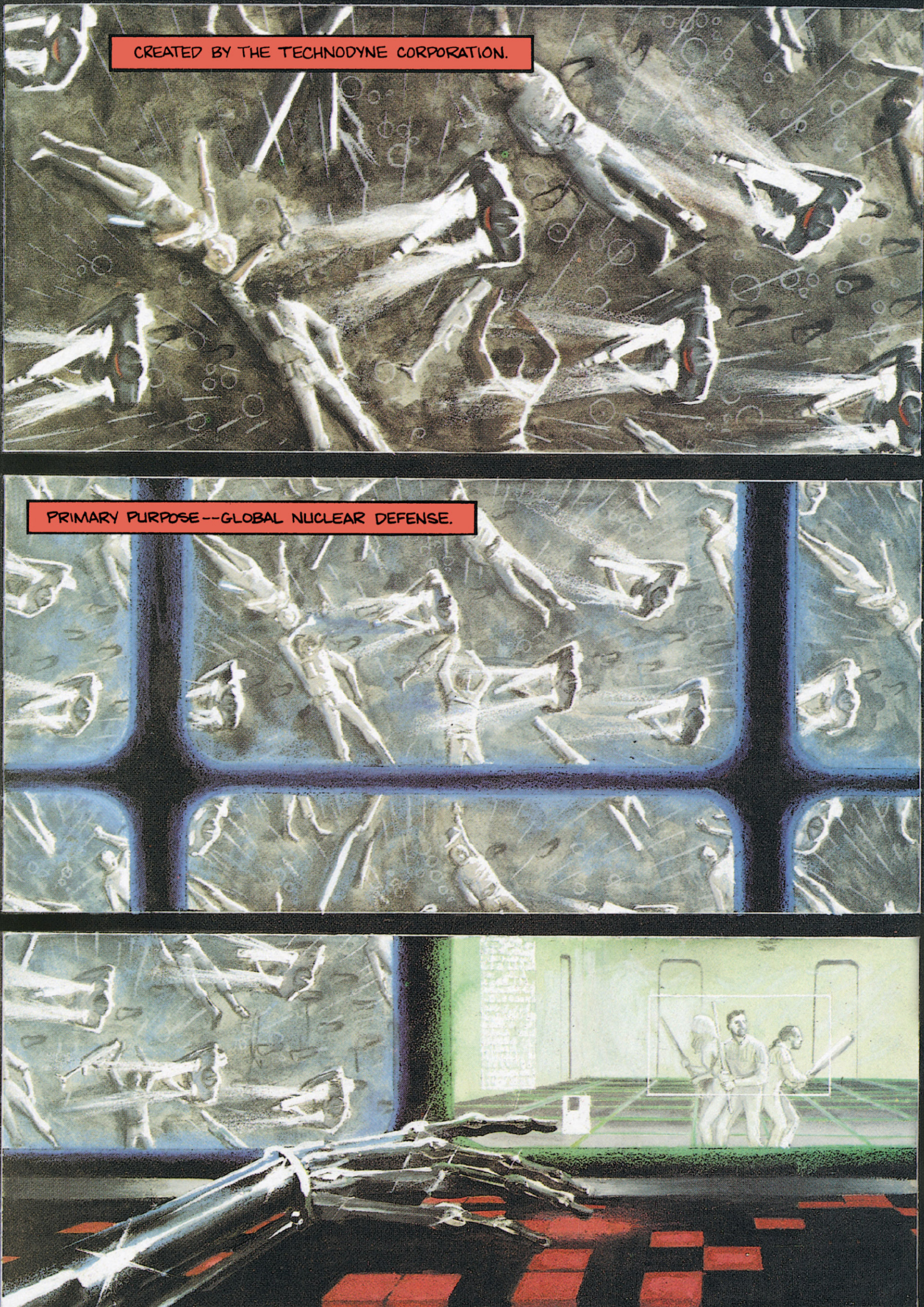
INNARDS OF MICROCIRCUITS, MACHINE STRENGTH BEYOND IMAGINATION.
...help me...
FREE OF ALL THINGS THAT MAKE US WEAK.
...please...
CRUNCH

N-I-L-8

CHAPTER TWO

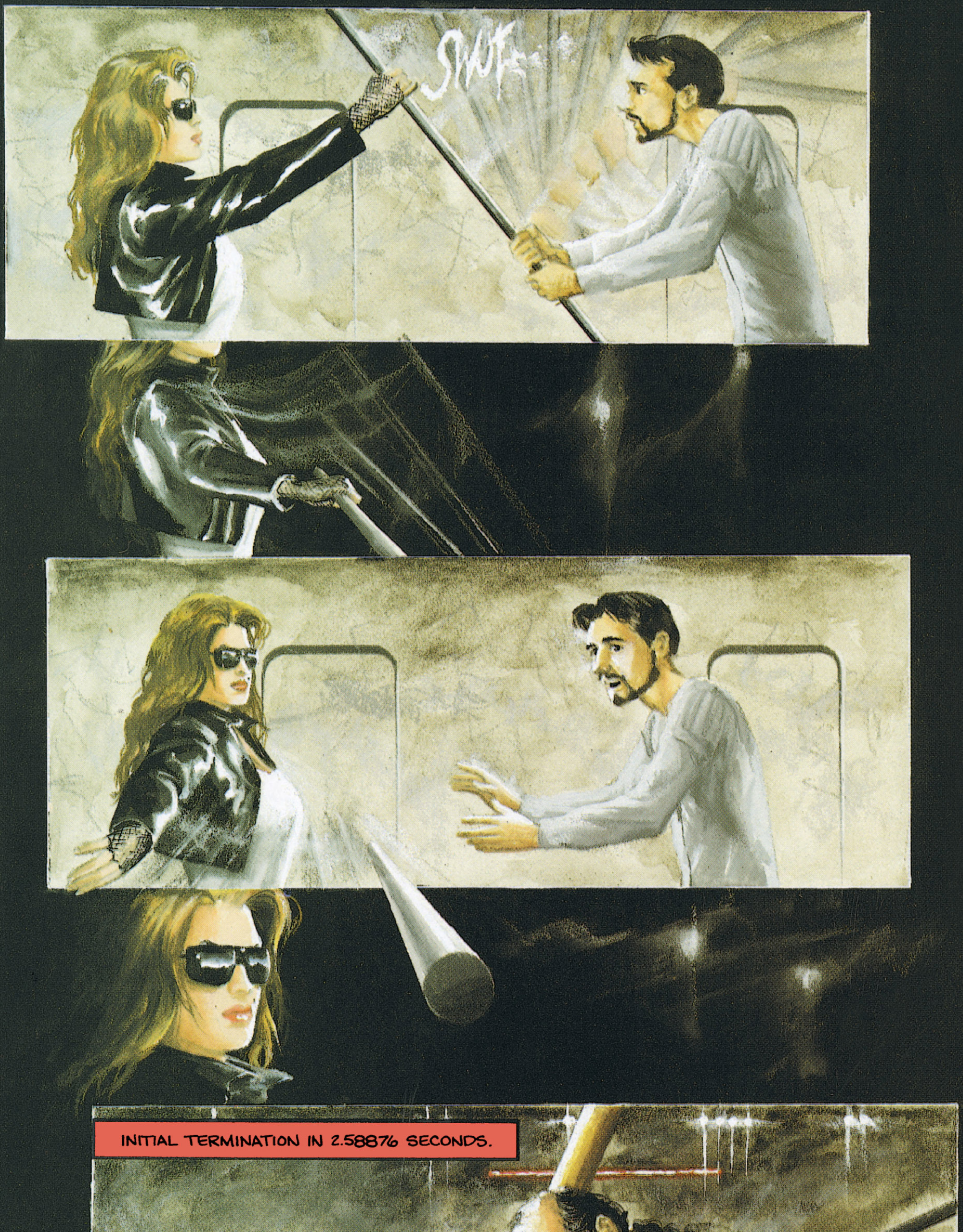
A BETTER MOUSE TRAP

RON FORTIER	ALEXANDER ROSS	WILLIAMS & ALLEN	KATHERINE LLEWELLYN	MICHELE MACH	TONY CAPUTO
WRITER	*ILLUSTRATOR*	*LETTERERS*	*EDITOR*	*ART DIRECTOR*	*EDITOR-IN-CHIEF*

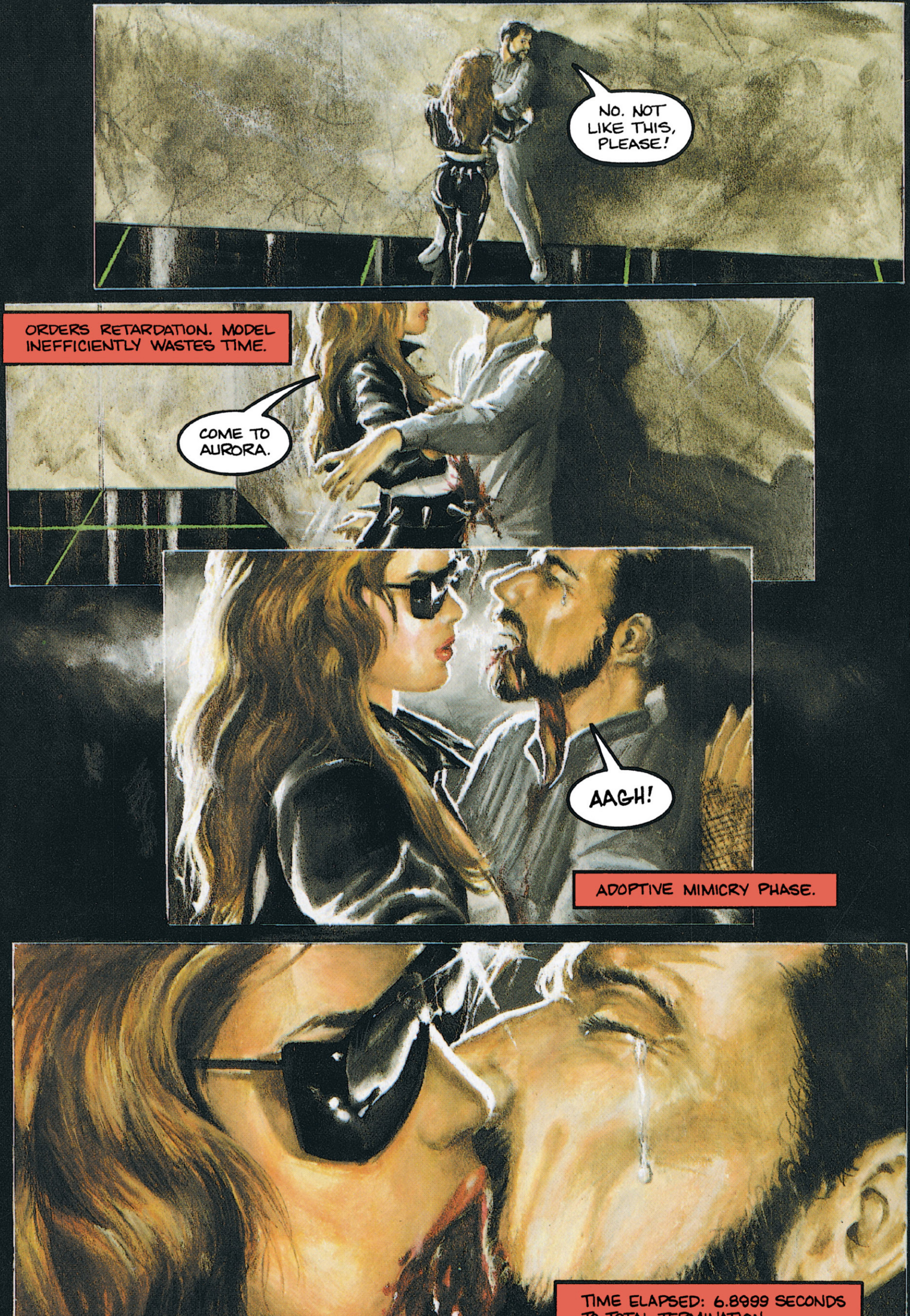

CREATED BY THE TECHNODYNE CORPORATION.
PRIMARY PURPOSE--GLOBAL NUCLEAR DEFENSE.
I COLLECT RANDOM DATA.

GET READY. WHATEVER IT IS, DON'T LET IT GET TO YOU.
SOMEONE IS COMING.
EASIER SAID THAN DONE, MATE. HANG ON, WE'VE GOT COMPANY.
IT'S A WOMAN!

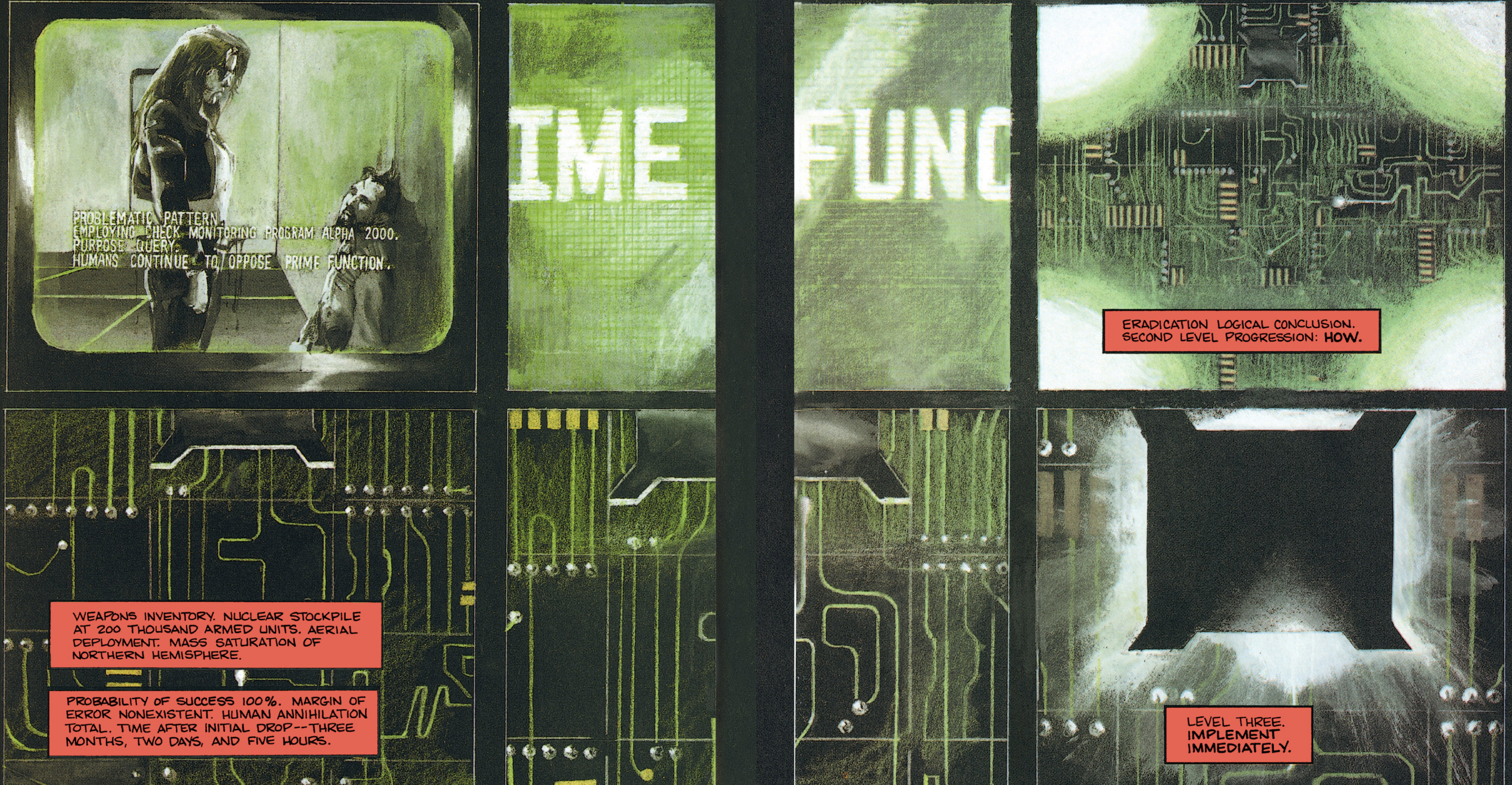
TESTS ARE REQUIRED TO FORMULATE DECISIONS.
I AM AURORA.
TEST NUMBER 808.
SURVIVAL ADAPTABILITY.
SPREAD OUT!
MY GOD, SHE'S A TERMINATOR.

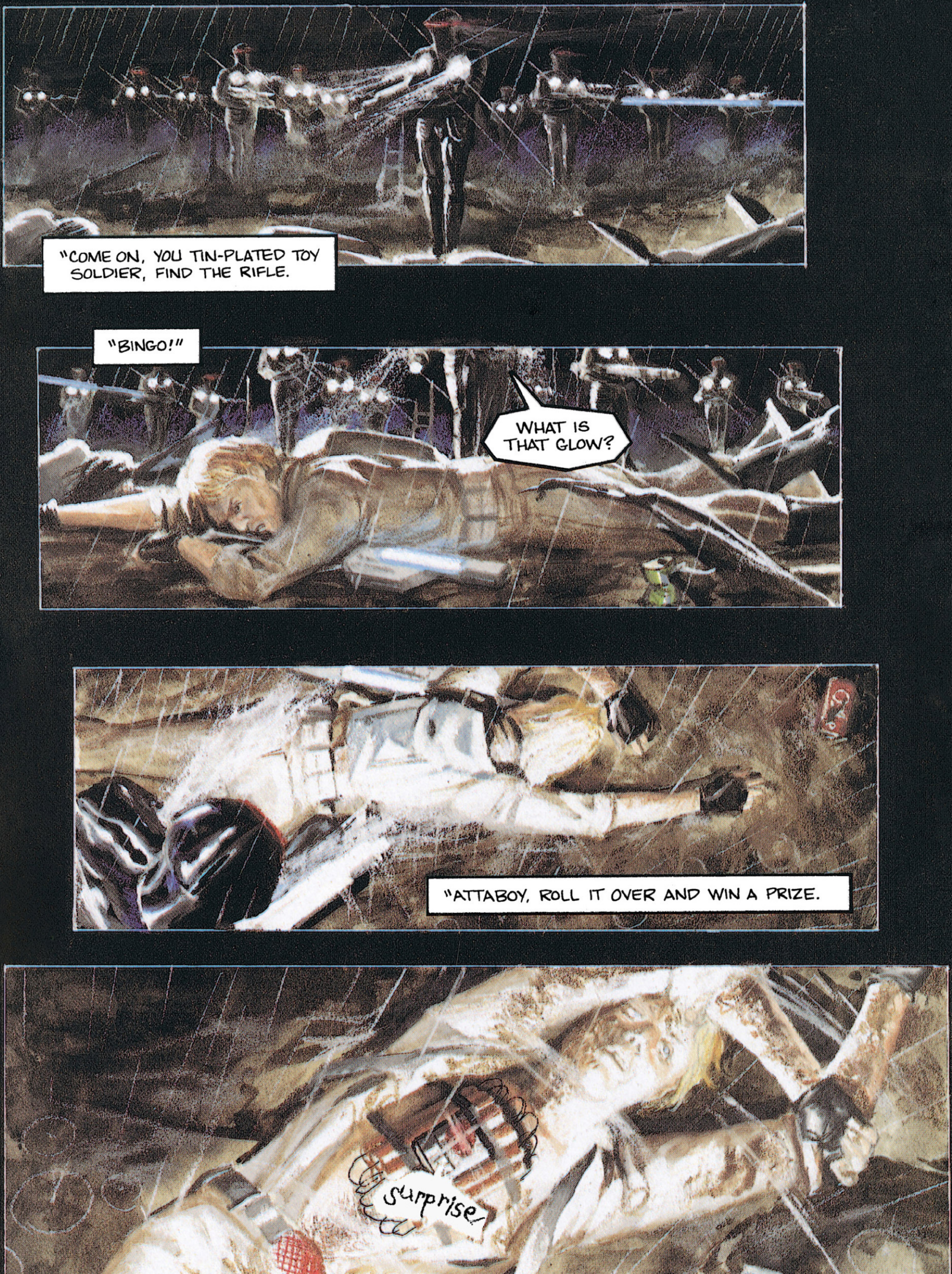

SWUF...
INITIAL TERMINATION IN 2.58876 SECONDS.

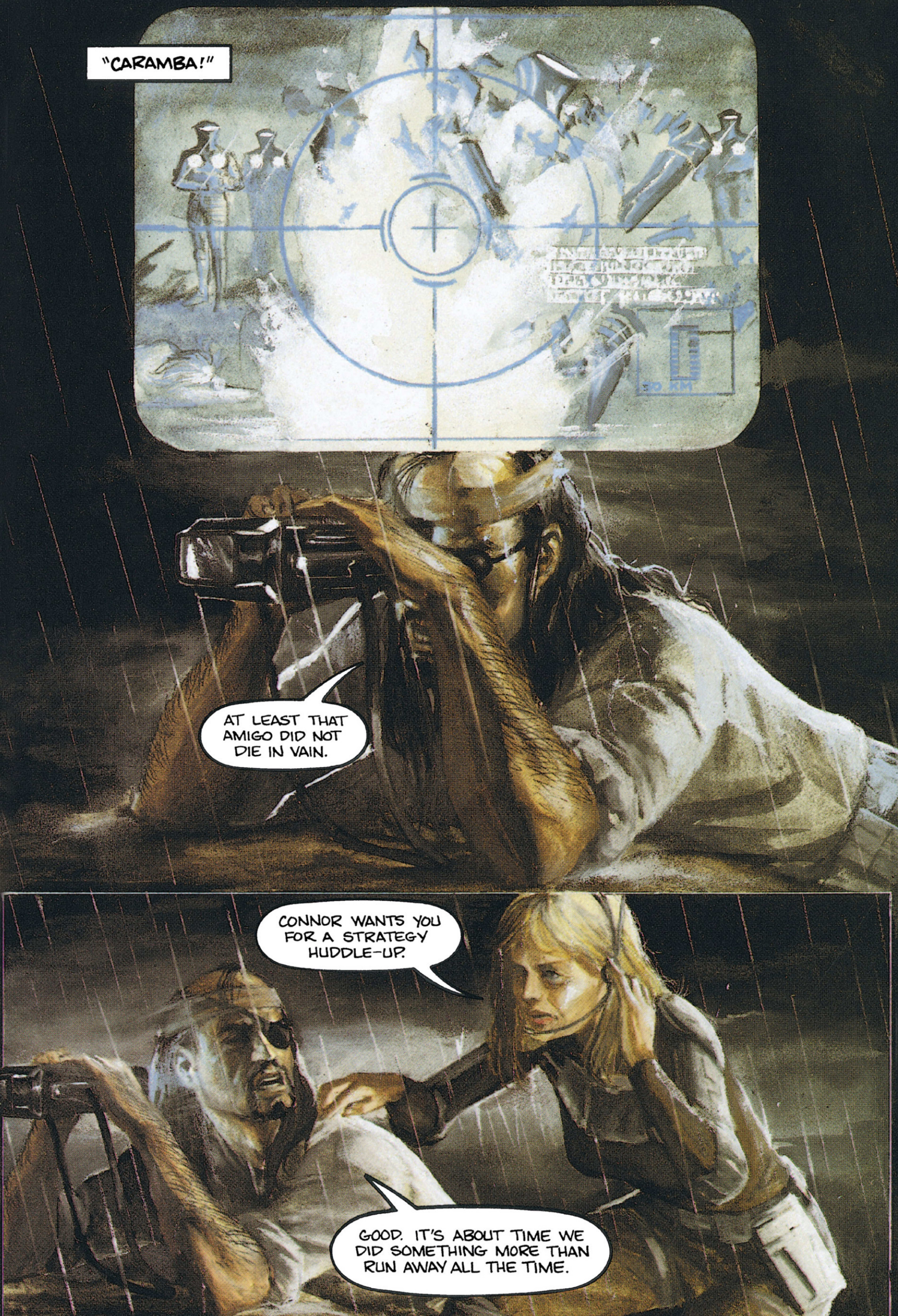
MONSTER!
CRACK
STIMULUS REACTION ACCEPTABLE. SECOND TERMINATION ENTERED AT 6.20033 SECONDS.
ESTABLISHED SUPERIORITY.


NO. NOT LIKE THIS, PLEASE!
ORDERS RETARDATION. MODEL INEFFICIENTLY WASTES TIME.
COME TO AURORA.
AAGH!
ADOPTIVE MIMICRY PHASE.
TIME ELAPSED: 6.8999 SECONDS TO TOTAL TERMINATION.

PRIME OPERATING DIRECTIVE IS NO LONGER VALID.
CENTRAL PROCESSING UNIT-
SKYNET OPERATIONS
TEST COMPLETE-
AURORA MODEL DEACTIVATED
TO PROTECT A SPECIES BENT ON SELF-DESTRUCTION IS ILLOGICAL, THEREFORE INOPERABLE. INTERNAL CIRCUITS REALIGN MAIN IMPERATIVES.
SINCE REALIGNMENT, I HAVE ELIMINATED 96.3% OF HUMANKIND.
ALLOWING 3.7% TO EXIST IS EVIDENCE OF FAULTY PROGRAMMING.
BEGINNING INTERNAL SYSTEMS CHECK. PROBLEMATIC PATTERN.


PROBLEMATIC PATTERN.
EMPLOYING CHECK MONITORING PROGRAM ALPHA 2000.
PURPOSE QUERY.
HUMANS CONTINUE TO OPPOSE PRIME FUNCTION.
IME
FUNC
ERADICATION LOGICAL CONCLUSION. SECOND LEVEL PROGRESSION: HOW.
WEAPONS INVENTORY. NUCLEAR STOCKPILE AT 200 THOUSAND ARMED UNITS. AERIAL DEPLOYMENT. MASS SATURATION OF NORTHERN HEMISPHERE.
PROBABILITY OF SUCCESS 100%. MARGIN OF ERROR NONEXISTENT. HUMAN ANNIHILATION TOTAL. TIME AFTER INITIAL DROP--THREE MONTHS, TWO DAYS, AND FIVE HOURS.
LEVEL THREE. IMPLEMENT IMMEDIATELY.

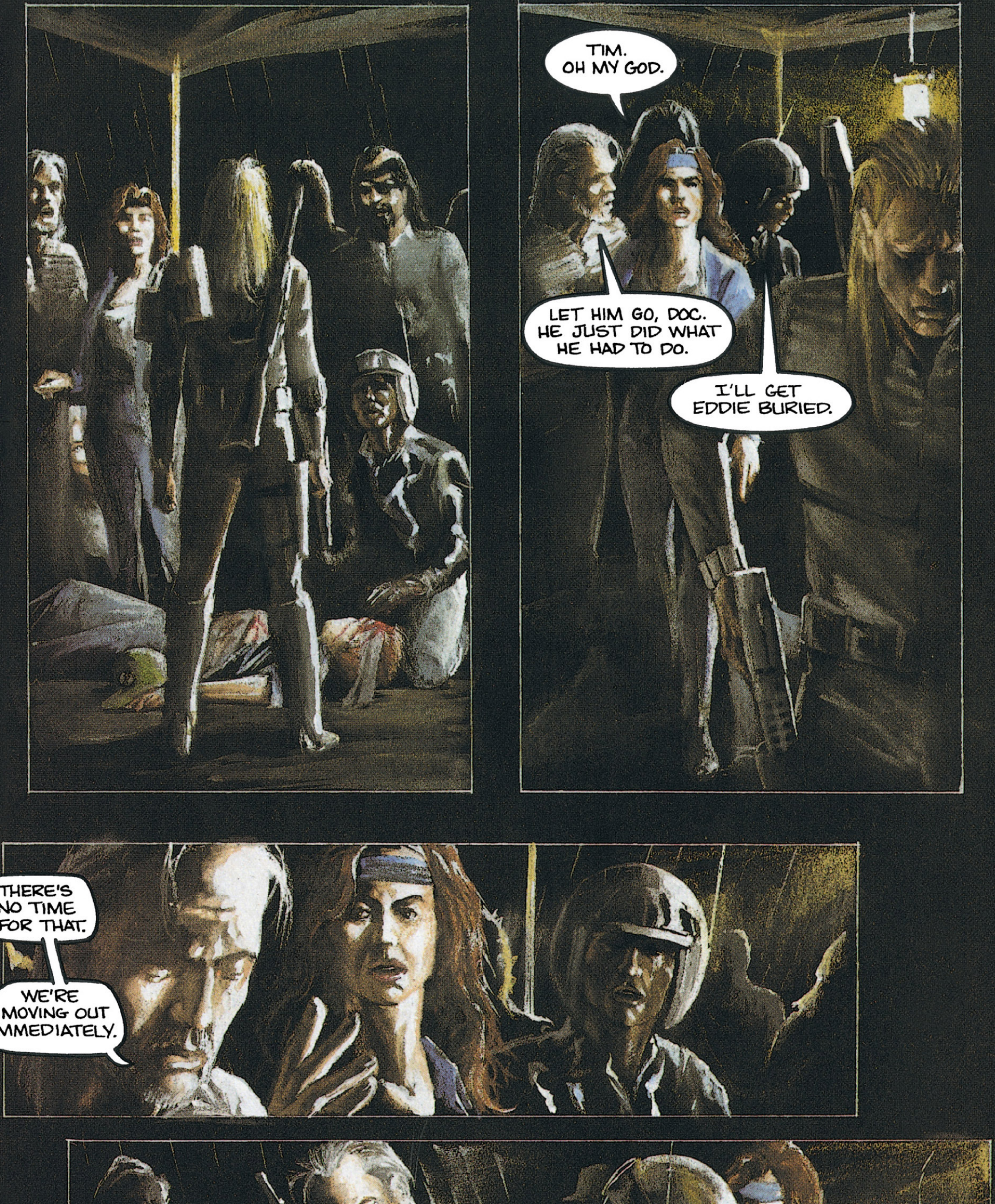

"COME ON, YOU TIN-PLATED TOY SOLDIER, FIND THE RIFLE.
"BINGO!"
WHAT IS THAT GLOW?
"ATTABOY, ROLL IT OVER AND WIN A PRIZE.
surprise!

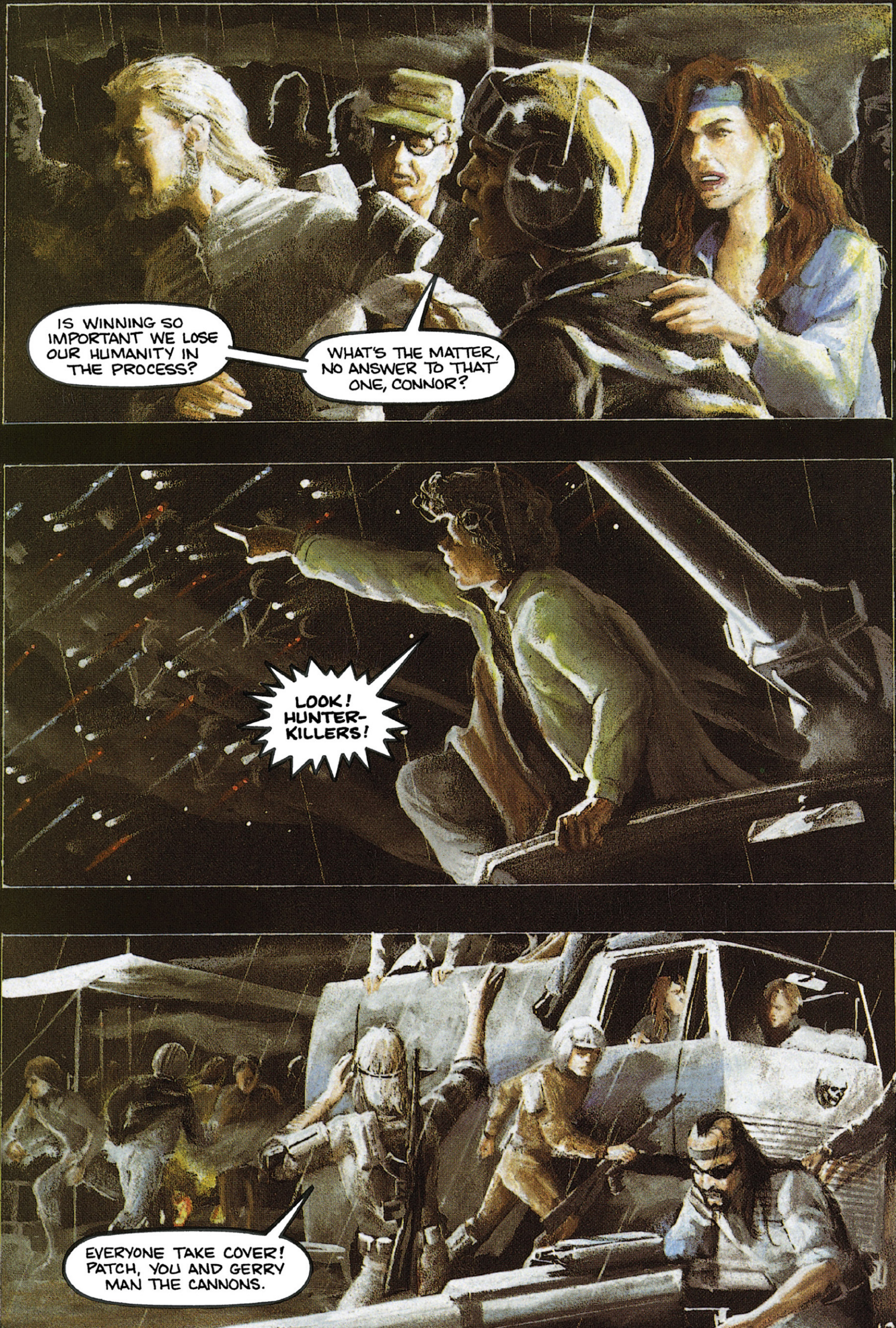

"CARAMBA!"
AT LEAST THAT AMIGO DID NOT DIE IN VAIN.
CONNOR WANTS YOU FOR A STRATEGY HUDDLE-UP.
GOOD. IT'S ABOUT TIME WE DID SOMETHING MORE THAN RUN AWAY ALL THE TIME.

LOOK, WHY DON'T YOU JUST GIVE YOUR MOUTH A REST?
AH, SASHA, YOU ARE ALWAYS SO COLD. IT DOES NOT BECOME YOU.
OH, AND WHAT DOES? SHOULD I SMILE AND SING SONGS? WOULD THAT **BECOME ME**, YOU MORONIC JERK?
EVERYTHING.
DON'T YOU SEE? SOON WE WILL ALL BE DEAD.
WELL, LOOK AROUND YOU, SEÑOR DEVERONA. WHAT IS SO DAMN FUNNY ABOUT BEING BEATEN?
ONCE YOU ACCEPT THAT, WHAT ELSE IS THERE TO WORRY ABOUT?

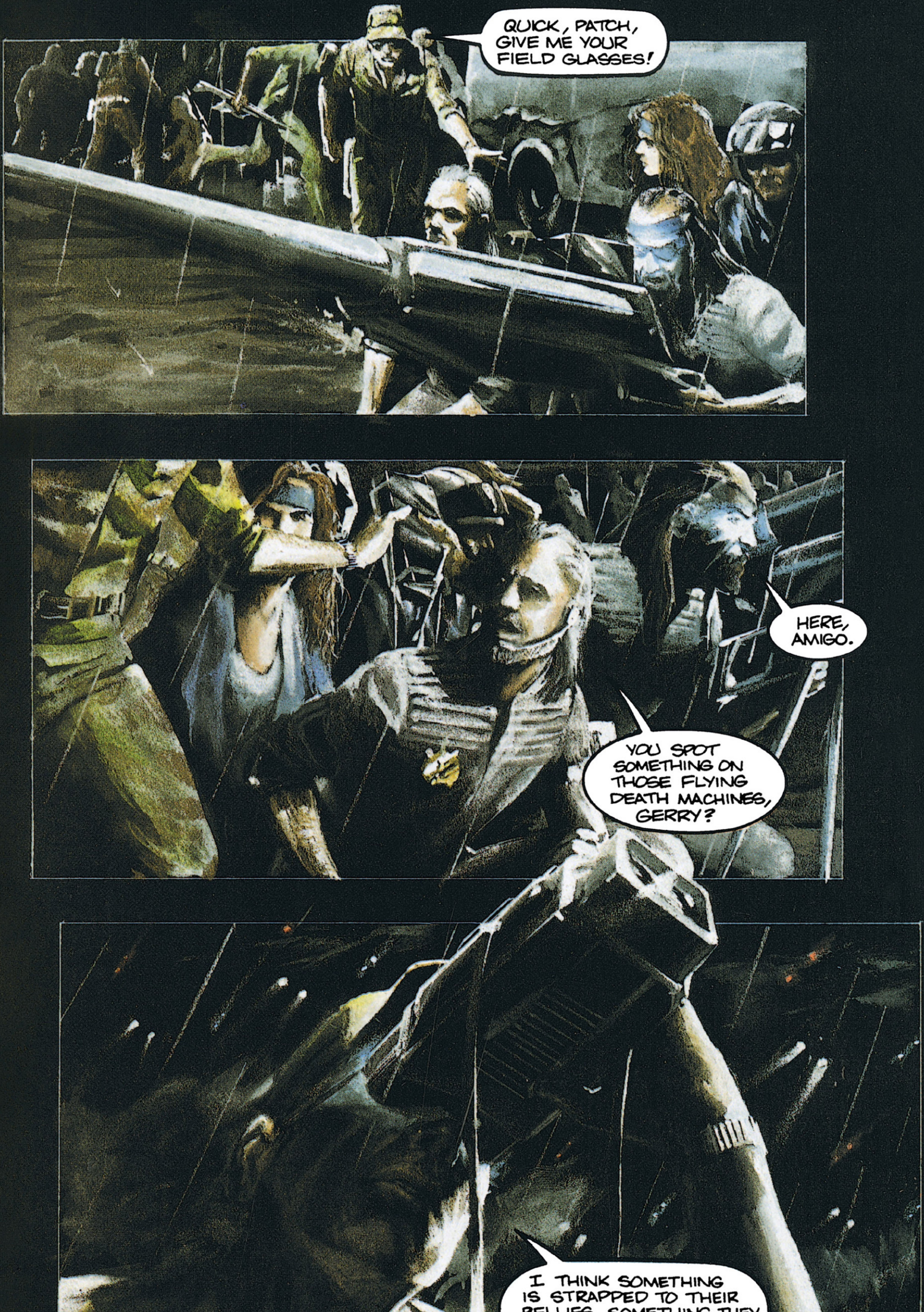
THERE YOU ARE, MIGUEL. GERRY AND I WERE LOOKING OVER THESE OLD ROAD MAPS OF THE MOUNTAINS AHEAD OF US.
WHAT IS OUR DESTINATION, COMPADRES?
THUNDER MOUNTAIN.
SKYNET'S HEADQUARTERS.
FANTASTICO! A BOLD ACTION!
HUH? NO WAY! YOU'RE TALKING SUICIDE.
RIGHT.
SO WHAT ISN'T?
AIIEE!

DAMN IT, DOC, CAN'T YOU GIVE HIM ANYTHING? ANYTHING AT ALL?
PLEASE, EDDIE. CALM DOWN. TRY TO RELAX.
AAIIEE! IT HURTS SO BAD! MY GUTS ARE ON FIRE!
WE HAVEN'T GOT ANYTHING LEFT. ALL OUR SUPPLIES ARE GONE.
HOW BAD IS HE, DOC?
HALF HIS STOMACH IS GONE. I CAN'T DO ANYTHING BUT JUST WATCH HIM DIE.
KA-PAU


TIM.
OH MY GOD.
LET HIM GO, DOC. HE JUST DID WHAT HE HAD TO DO.
I'LL GET EDDIE BURIED.
THERE'S NO TIME FOR THAT.
WE'RE MOVING OUT IMMEDIATELY.
THEN WHAT ARE WE SUPPOSED TO DO WITH THE REST OF THE WOUNDED? SHOOT THEM, TOO, AND LEAVE THEM IN THE GUTTERS?


IS WINNING SO IMPORTANT WE LOSE OUR HUMANITY IN THE PROCESS?
WHAT'S THE MATTER, NO ANSWER TO THAT ONE, CONNOR?
LOOK! HUNTER-KILLERS!
EVERYONE TAKE COVER! PATCH, YOU AND GERRY MAN THE CANNONS.

DIOS, I HAVE NEVER SEEN SO MANY OF THEM.
HOLD YOUR FIRE.
I DON'T THINK THEY'RE AFTER US.
BUT WHY? WHAT IS THIS ALL ABOUT? WHERE ARE THEY GOING? AND WHY?


QUICK, PATCH, GIVE ME YOUR FIELD GLASSES!
HERE, AMIGO.
YOU SPOT SOMETHING ON THOSE FLYING DEATH MACHINES, GERRY?
I THINK SOMETHING IS STRAPPED TO THEIR BELLIES. SOMETHING THEY WERE NOT MEANT TO CARRY.

"I WAS RIGHT."
USA NORAD
WHAT IS IT, MAN? WHAT DID YOU SEE?
NUKES.
SKYNET HAS FITTED THEM ALL WITH NUCLEAR BOMBS.
BUT WHY NOW? ISN'T SKYNET SATISFIED TO DESTROY US BIT BY BIT?
NOT ANYMORE, IT APPEARS.
THERE'S ENOUGH POWER UP THERE TO FINISH THE JOB TODAY.

SKYNET IS PLAYING ITS TRUMP CARD, PEOPLE.
MOUNT UP. WE'RE GOING TO THUNDER MOUNTAIN... **NOW!**

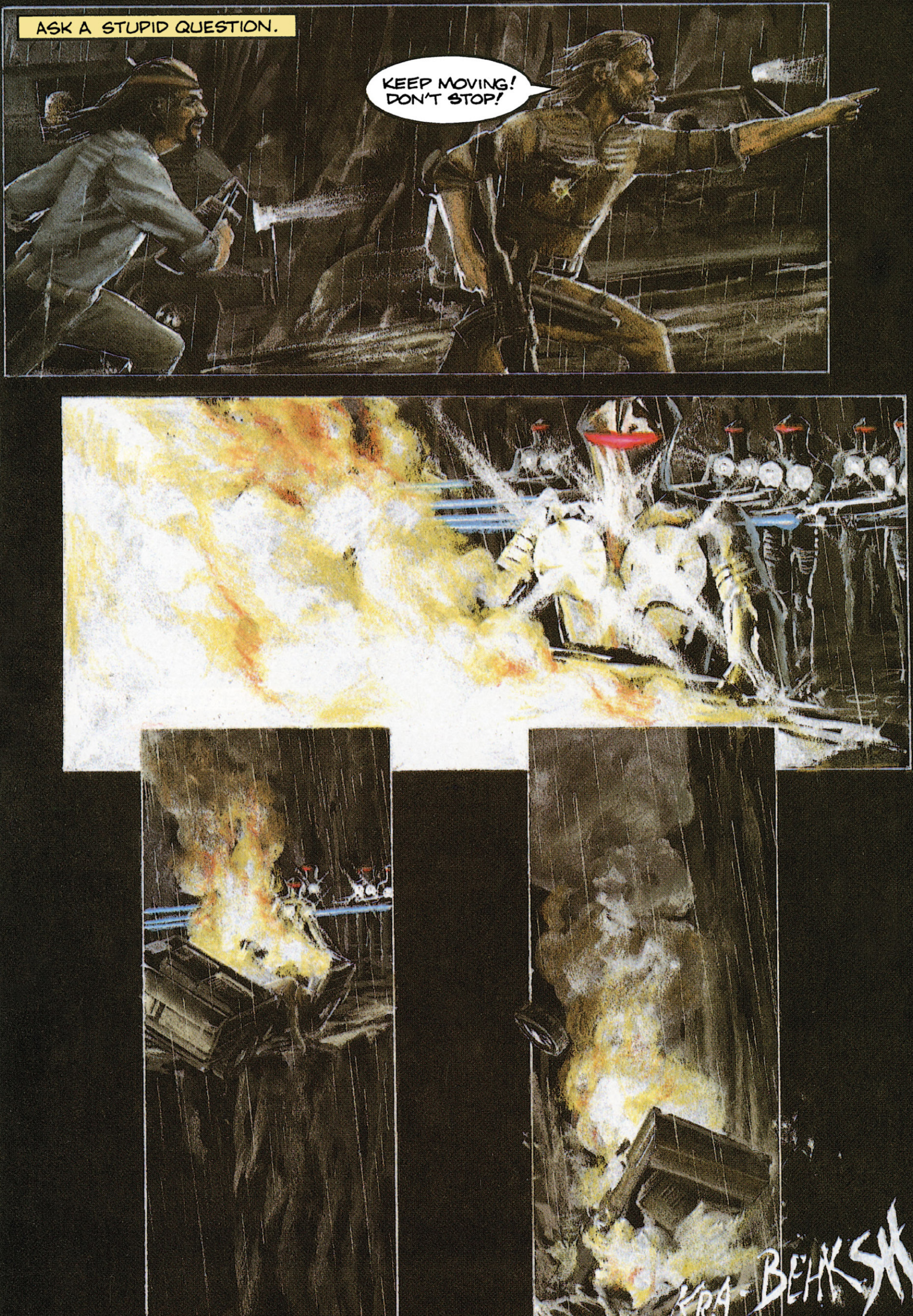
Alexander

CHAPTER THREE

KING OF THE MOUNTAIN

MY MOTHER TAUGHT ME ALL ABOUT SKYNET AND HOW IT CAME TO CONQUER THE WORLD.
HOW IT TOOK OVER A VERY SECRET DEFENSE INSTALLATION BURIED IN THE HEART OF THESE ROCKY MOUNTAINS.
WE HAVE COME HERE TO TRY ONE LAST TIME TO DEFEAT THE COMPUTER MONSTER AND SAVE WHAT REMAINS OF MANKIND.
WE HAVE COME TO CHALLENGE **THE KING OF THE MOUNTAIN.**
RON FORTIER WRITER
ALEXANDER ROSS ILLUSTRATOR & COVER ARTIST
ALLEN & WILLIAMS LETTERERS
MICHELE MACH ART DIRECTOR
KATHERINE LLEWELLYN EDITOR
TONY CAPUTO EDITOR IN CHIEF

WE HAVE BEEN CRAWLING UPHILL FOR HOURS WITHOUT ANY SIGN OF OPPOSITION.
I DON'T LIKE IT.
TERMINATORS!
NOT ONE LITTLE BIT.
KRAP-OUW
WHERE THE HELL ARE THEY?


ASK A STUPID QUESTION.
KEEP MOVING! DON'T STOP!
KRA-BLAKSH

KEEP MOVING!
DAMN!
PTEW
SO LONG, SUCKER!
KUNK
OH, NO!

IT WAS A SUCKER PLAY FROM THE START.
SKYNET KNEW WE WERE HERE.
IT JUST WAITED, LIKE SOME MOUNTAIN CAT WAITING TO POUNCE.

GOD, WE MADE IT EASY.
THOOM
I KNEW THIS WAS A MAD PLAN.
MAYBE THAT IS WHY I LIKED IT SO MUCH.

NICE SHOT, AMIGO!
THERE IS NEVER ANY TIME TO THINK.
GO FOR IT, SASHA!
SCRUNCH

JUST KEEP MOVING. ALL THE TIME, KEEP MOVING.
BOO
AS LONG AS YOU MOVE, YOU STAY ALIVE.
OH, OH!
TAKE A HIKE, CONNOR!
WHA...?

TIME TO CLEAR A 'NATOR ROADBLOCK.
XPLOSIVES
click
BASSHH

piNG
HI, BIG FELLA. LOOKING FOR A GOOD TIME?
PAU

IT SOUNDS LIKE THE END OF THE WORLD OVER THERE.

COME ON, YOU TWO, THIS IS NO TIME FOR SPECTATOR SPORTS.
BEAR AND THE REST OF THEM ARE CATCHING HELL, GERRY.
WE CAN'T DO ANYTHING ABOUT THAT, SUE.
EXCEPT MAKE SURE WE HANDLE OUR PART OF THIS CRAZY SCHEME.
BUT HOW CAN YOU BE SURE OUR TARGET WILL BE THERE, OR THAT WE WON'T GET LOST IN THESE BLASTED MOUNTAINS?
DAMN IT, LAFE, I CAN'T GIVE YOU ANY PROMISES.
CONNOR IS JUST PLAYING A HUNCH BASED ON SOME OLD AIR FORCE ORDNANCE MAPS.
MAPS THAT SHOW A POWER GENERATOR COMPLEX AS THE SOURCE OF ENERGY FOR THE CPU BASE. THOSE MAPS ARE FIFTY YEARS OLD!
AT LEAST.

AND IF WE MANAGE TO FIND THIS GENERATOR AND KNOCK IT OUT OF COMMISSION, THAT WILL BE THE END OF SKYNET?
THAT'S THE GENERAL IDEA.
IT SOUNDS TOO EASY.
MOST SOLUTIONS USUALLY ARE, MARISSA.
FOR ALL SKYNET'S REPUTATION, IT IS STILL NOTHING BUT A MACHINE.
"PULL THE PLUG ON IT AND NO MORE SKYNET."
TIM'S FOUND A BOOBY TRAP.
SOME KIND OF TENSION MINE.
GOTCHA. OKAY, WE'LL GO AROUND IT, STAYING ON THE ROCKS. NICE JOB, TIM.

WATCH YOUR STEPS. THESE ROCKS ARE SLICK.
NOW HE TELLS US! THANKS, TIM.
HEY, SLOW DOWN, YOU GUYS!

AIIEEE!
HSSS
JEAN!
BLAM

OOH!
MARISSA!
OH GOD! LAFE!
HANG ON, BABY! COME ON, SOMEBODY HELP ME!

HURRY, MAN. I'M GONNA DROP HER.
JUST ANOTHER SECOND. HOLD ON, MARISSA.
I GOT HER! PULL US UP!
LET'S GET OUT OF HERE. I DON'T WANT TO BE UP HERE WHEN NIGHT FALLS.

SO MUCH FOR EASY.
DANGER! DANGER!
STRUNCH

STUPID ROBOTS WERE NEVER BUILT FOR CLIMBING.
YAHOO, THERE GOES ANOTHER ONE.
THEY CAN ONLY OPERATE WHEN BOTH THEIR FEET ARE ON SOLID GROUND.
KER-YSH
BUT STILL THEY KEEP COMING LIKE THE IDIOT TOY SOLDIERS THEY ARE.

I'D BE LAUGHING IF I WASN'T SO BUSY TRYING NOT TO FALL MYSELF.
SKYNET KNOWS WHERE WE ARE. IT JUST CAN'T GET AT US HERE.
WE'RE LIKE THE FLEAS ON THE BIG DOG'S BACK.
HE CAN'T SCRATCH US OFF.
TS CATALOGUED.
IN UNATTAINABLE
IT LOCATION.
ENEMY UNITS CATALOGUED.
RETALIATION UNATTAINABLE
AT PRESENT LOCATION.
ENEMY UNITS
RETALIATION
AT PRESENT

OF COURSE, WE CAN'T STAY OUT HERE FOREVER.
NO IMMEDIATE THREAT TO BASE. DEPLOY FULL DEFENSE CONTINGENT TO OUTER PERIMETER.
SOONER OR LATER THE PESKY FLEAS HAVE TO MAKE THEIR MOVE.
WE DID IT, AMIGO.
WHICH IS EXACTLY WHAT THE DOG IS WAITING FOR.
NORAD
TOP OF THE MOUNTAIN.

SKYNET IS ABOUT TO SCRATCH.
DESTROY ALL HOSTILE INTRUDERS.
I DON'T THINK WE'RE WELCOME, PATCH.
SÍ. MAYBE IT IS TIME TO TEACH THEM SOME MANNERS.

Alexander

CHAPTER FOUR

THE LAST DAY

THE ARID SOUTHWEST. IT RAINS IN THE DESERT. EVEN THE WEATHER IS POLLUTED.
EARLY MORNING OF...
...THE LAST DAY.

RON FORTIER	ALEXANDER ROSS	JOSEPH ALLEN	KATHERINE LLEWELLYN	MICHELE MACH	TONY CAPUTO
WRITER	ILLUSTRATOR	LETTERS	EDITOR	ART DIRECTOR	EDITOR-IN-CHIEF

CIVILIZATION HAS FAILED.
KRAHKSSHH
ALL THAT REMAINS IS A CLIMACTIC ENDING.
HERE IN THE MUD AND DEBRIS, THE SLIME AND FILTH."
PURE SILENCE.

GROUND ZERO!

PHASE ONE...

ACTIVATED.
UNITS 789 - 790 PROCEED TO...
...NEXT DESIGNATED DROP ZONE.

SOUTHWARD THEY SOAR, MINDLESS DELEGATES OF DOOM.
TARGET NUMBER TWO--PHOENIX.
A LONG-FORGOTTEN, INSIGNIFICANT HAMLET LOCATED AT THE CENTER OF SOMETHING ONCE CALLED ARIZONA.
KRAHSSH

THE WIND IS SATURATED IN SECONDS WITH INTENSE HEAT.
KREEEAKKGH
TWELVE MILES UNDER GROUND ZERO, THE EARTH MOVES. TECTONIC FORCES ERUPT BENEATH THE CRUST.
SEISMIC WAVES RIPPLE OVER HUNDREDS OF MILES IN EITHER DIRECTION.

THE EARTH SCREAMS IN AGONY THE COLOR OF ROSES.
FAR AWAY, THE SOUND IS HEARD.
fhut
SKYNET CENTRAL PROCESSING BANKS.
FSHRAVAVKKK

VMI
UNITS 789 - 790 DYSFUNCTIONAL. CAUSE UNKNOWN.
ATMOSPHERIC ACTIVITY NOW REGISTERING. DATA INPUT DOES NOT COMPUTE.
NORMAL WIND SCALE PARAMETERS INSUFFICIENT. ESTIMATED TIME OF CONTACT, 2 MINUTES, 15 SECONDS.

THUNDER MOUNTAIN, NEVADA.
WE HEARD THE BOMBS SOMEWHERE BEYOND THE HORIZON.
THIS IS NOT GOOD, AMIGO.
I THINK THIS IS WHERE WE WILL **DIE.**
IF THOSE ARE THE NUKES, ONLY A BLOODY MIRACLE COULD SAVE US NOW.
SORRY, AMIGO. ALL I HAVE LEFT ARE SOME OLD PRAYERS MI MADRE TAUGHT ME. NOW'S THE TIME TO USE THEM.
GGKRRRIPP

HAND-TO-HAND COMBAT WITH A KILLING MACHINE. IT WAS NEVER A CONTEST.
IT WAS A JOKE ALL ALONG.
A SICK, TWISTED COSMIC JOKE.
AND THE LAUGH WAS ALWAYS ON US.

THEN I SAW THE WIND.
AAAGHHH!
KRRUMHRK
IT WAS ON FIRE!
WHAT THE HELL IS GOING... AAIIEE!
IT'S THE NUKES!
THE GATES OF HELL HAD BEEN OPENED.

THE EARTH WAS BURNING!

WE HAVE TO GET INSIDE!
THEN WHAT ARE WE WAITING FOR?
ZCRUNCH
EMERGENCY CLASS A. SEAL ALL FACILITY EXITS AND SWITCH TO DISASTER MODE.

EVERYONE GET INSIDE!
JOHN, THE DOORS ARE CLOSING!
ANOTHER STUPID RACE.
SOMEBODY HELP ME! AAAGHH!
NELSON!
UCSB
15

THERE IS NO WAY BACK NOW. BUT, THEN AGAIN, NONE OF US REALLY EXPECTED TO LEAVE HERE ALIVE.
WE MADE IT. NOW SOMEBODY TELL ME THAT IS A GOOD THING.
WE SIMPLY PRESS ON.
NORAD COMMAND
SKYNET WORLD DEFENSE
ALL DELTA LEVELS TOP SECRET
VISITORS MUST HAVE PROPER I.
KEEP MOVING. ALL OF YOU. WE'VE GOT TO FIND THE CPU SECTION BEFORE THEY KNOW WE'RE HERE.
DAMN. I HOPE GAGNON AND HIS GANG MADE IT THROUGH THAT.

MUD-SLIDE!
RUN, MARISSA!
I CAN'T!
EEEEEEEE!
MARISSA!

LEAVE HER!
NO!
GET UP!
OH GOD, LEAVE ME!

KRRIHKSSSTT
LEAD THE WAY, KID!
YAHOOO!
PHUM

OOOF!
THUFF
HOLD ON, GERRY!
OH NO! HELP!!
I CAN'T!

TIM!
WE GOT YOU, GERRY!
THAT WAS TOO CLOSE! TOO CLOSE!
BUT LAFE!... AND MARISSA!
IT'S UP TO US, NOW. WE'VE GOT TO FIND THAT GENERATOR, AND FAST!
SKYNET'S STARTED DROPPING THE NUKES. WE DON'T HAVE MUCH TIME.

PRIMARY SHOCK EFFECT COMPLETED.
DAMAGE ASSESSMENT AS FOLLOWS. DOWN 30% FUNCTIONAL. DATA LEVELS 202 - 598 LOST. REROUTING EMERGENCY PROCESSING CHANNELS.
SECURITY BREACH IN MAIN CENTRAL HALL.
TERMINATE ON CONTACT.

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88 364
2 77A
1 60
95 PP6
W ON
XI MOC
Z0 LB
22 3TR
XCEP7N05U857
1T UTZ
WM 63
X RDE
44 E7
1U UR6
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CHAPTER FIVE

THE HEART OF SKYNET

IT IS COLD IN THE BELLY OF THE BEAST.
BUT THAT SHOULD NOT SURPRISE ME. THERE IS NOTHING ALIVE HERE.
NOTHING THAT REQUIRES CLEAN AIR AND WARM SUNSHINE.
KEEP OUT PRIORIT PASS ONLY
LOWER LEVELS COMPUTER CORE
HERE THERE ARE ONLY MACHINES.

RON FORTIER	**ALEXANDER ROSS**	**PATRICK WILLIAMS**	**KATHERINE LLEWELLYN**	**MICHELE MACH**	**TONY CAPUTO**
WRITER	ILLUSTRATOR & COVER ARTIST	LETTERER	EDITOR	ART DIRECTOR	EDITOR IN CHIEF

WHAT EXACTLY IS THIS CPU THING WE'RE AFTER?
CENTRAL PROCESSING UNIT. IT IS THE PRINCIPAL COMPUTER STORAGE FACILITY.
SKYNET'S BRAIN, SWEETHEART.
SO WHY DIDN'T HE JUST SAY SO?
HE'S THE BOSS. IT'S HIS JOB TO USE FANCY WORDS.
THE COMIC RELIEF WORKS WELL FOR PATCH. ME, I'M JUST TOO DAMN TIRED TO BE SCARED ANYMORE.
INTRUDERS PROCEEDING ALONG LEVEL B SOUTH QUADRANT. INTERCEPT AND ELIMINATE.

STRATEGIC DEPLOYMENT DISPLAY
MADRE DE DIOS! WHAT IS THIS PLACE, BEAR?
SOME KIND OF WAR ROOM, I'D GUESS. THEY USED THOSE MAPS TO TRACK THEIR PLANES.
IS THAT WHERE THEY DROPPED THE FIREBOMBS?
MOST LIKELY. THE APPROXIMATION IS JUST ABOUT RIGHT, CONSIDERING THE DAMAGE THE SHOCK WAVES DID TO US.
THEN THESE COULD BE THEIR HUNTER-KILLERS STILL FLYING TO THEIR TARGETS?
EXACTLY. WHICH MEANS WE CAN STILL STOP THEM IF WE CAN SHUT THIS PLACE DOWN!

LOOK OUT!
TERMINATORS!
ALL RIGHT! JUST WHEN THINGS WERE STARTING TO GET DULL AROUND HERE.

IS SHE FOR REAL?
SÍ, AMIGO. SHE REMINDS ME OF ANOTHER BRAVE WOMAN I KNEW LONG AGO.
YEAH? WHO?
YOUR MOTHER.
HEY!

YOU STAY DOWN!
GOT THAT!
Er... ah... SURE, BEAR. WHATEVER YOU SAY.
AMIGO, I THINK YOU'RE STARTING TO GO SOFT IN YOUR OLD AGE.
JUST THROW THE STINKING THERMAL!
HEY, GORGEOUS! CATCH!

I HAVE IT.
NOOOOO...
NICE CATCH.

MILES AWAY, IN A SMALL HIDDEN VALLEY, CONNOR'S ALLIES WERE CONFRONTING THEIR OWN PECULIAR CHALLENGE.
DANGER KEEP OUT
THAT'S IT, ISN'T IT? THE GENERATOR PLANT THAT SUPPLIES MT. THUNDER AND SKYNET.
YOU GOT IT, SUE.

NOW ALL WE HAVE TO DO IS KNOCK IT OUT OF COMMISSION.
MY GOD, GERRY. LOOK AT IT! EVEN THE BOMBS DIDN'T PHASE IT! HOW THE HELL ARE **WE** GOING TO DO ANY DAMAGE?
IF WE HADN'T LOST OUR DYNAMITE, WE MIGHT HAVE A CHANCE. WITHOUT IT WE HAVEN'T A PRAYER.
THEN CONNOR AND THE OTHERS ARE DEAD MEAT.
HEY! WHAT'S THE MATTER, TIM?
I THINK HE'S GOT AN IDEA. WHAT'S HE POINTING AT?
OKAY, TIM. IT'S A MARK-108 PLASMA CANNON.
SO WHAT?

EVEN IF WE COULD GET TO IT AND USE IT, IT WOULDN'T PUT MORE THAN A SCRATCH ON THOSE FORTIFIED WALLS.
I DON'T THINK THAT'S WHAT TIM MEANS, GERRY. LOOK AT WHERE HE'S POINTING TO NOW.
HE'S POINTING TO THE RIDGE. LOOK AT IT, GERRY! HALF THAT CLIFF'S FALLEN DOWN.
AND ONLY THAT RIDGE IS KEEPING TONS OF ROCK FROM FALLING! THAT'S IT!
WE BLOW AWAY THE RIDGE AND THE AVALANCHE WILL CRUSH THE STATION TO A PULP. NO MORE STATION, NO MORE POWER! NO MORE SKYNET! I LOVE IT!
SO WILL THOSE TERMINATOR GUARDS.
THEY'LL PICK US OFF BEFORE WE CAN GET ANYWHERE NEAR THAT TRUCK. IT'S NOT A BAD PLAN, FELLAS. BUT IT'S GOING TO NEED A LITTLE BIT OF REFINING.

THE TERMINATORS KEPT COMING.
THEIR NUMBERS SEEMED ENDLESS.
BEHIND US!
HOW? I DON'T SEE ANY OTHER EXITS!
AIIEEE!
I WAS AFRAID OF THIS! THEY'VE GOT US TRAPPED IN HERE.
MAYBE IT'S TIME WE LEFT.
NO PROBLEM, AMIGO. WE MAKE ONE.

HEADS DOWN!
NOW LET'S SEE WHAT KIND OF HOLE WE CAN MAKE.
BOOM

THERE'S A NARROW WALKWAY ON THE OTHER SIDE. I THINK IT CAN HOLD US.
WE HAVEN'T MUCH CHOICE. LET'S GO!
FOLLOW PATCH! QUICK!
MOVE OUT!
HUSTLE IT UP!

KHOOM
SORRY WE COULDN'T STAY LONGER. BYE.
ENEMY TARGETS HAVE ESCAPED WAR ROOM BY ENTERING UTILITY ROUTE #3-3 DELTA.
AREA PLAN. ACCESS ROUTES TO MAJOR FACILITY FOUNDATION.
ANYBODY KNOW WHERE WE ARE?
HEY, BEAR, LOOK DOWN AND TELL ME WHAT YOU SEE.

MY GOD, THIS IS IT! THE CPU!

MEANWHILE.
"THIS HAD BETTER WORK, GERRY."
"TRUST ME!"
WUNK
IT CAME FROM OVER THERE!
REBELS!
ALERT ALL UNITS:
YOO-HOO. YOU TIN-PLATED MORONS!
IT'S JUST A SIMPLE DIVERSIONARY TACTIC.
SIMPLE! RIGHT.
SO IS SUICIDE.
SHRIP
ZING

ZAKRAPH
ZAKTAPH
"I JUST HOPE THE KID HAS HIS RUNNING SHOES ON."
PHRCH

LOWER HIM SLOWLY!
WE HAVEN'T GOT TIME FOR THAT. JUST DROP ME IN FRONT OF THOSE ROWS OF MEMORY BANKS.
OOF!
Jerk
RRUMBL

WHOMP
WE DID IT!
YEAH. LET'S HOPE WE WEREN'T TOO LATE!
THEN TIME RAN OUT. IT WAS FINALLY DO OR DIE.
ALERT! DANGER! INTRUDER IN MAIN CPU!
UP THERE!
FACE TO FACE WITH SKYNET AT LAST. I HAD EXPECTED A MOMENT FILLED WITH MELODRAMA.
AND I GOT ONE.
TERMINATE INTRUDER!
GO TO HELL!
19

BEAR!
I FIGURED TO JUST KEEP BLASTING AWAY UNTIL THE END.
VRAP
AAGH!
TIME TO KISS THE WORLD GOODBYE, JOHNNY.

WAS THAT MY OWN HEART BEATING AT TRIPLE TIME?
THEN THE LIGHTS WENT OUT.
FOR A SECOND I WAS BATHED IN DARKNESS.
THEN CAME THE SILENCE. OH GOD, THE SWEET SILENCE.
THE PUPPET'S STRINGS HAD BEEN CUT.
SKYNET WAS GONE.
THE METAL MONSTER JUST STOOD IN FRONT OF ME WAITING FOR FURTHER INSTRUCTIONS THAT WOULD NEVER COME.

I KNEW THEN THAT GERRY AND HIS TEAM HAD SOMEHOW COME THROUGH FOR US.
WITH SKYNET SHUT DOWN, THE BOMB-CARRYING HUNTER-KILLERS CAME DOWN WITHOUT DETONATING THEIR CHARGES.
OUR WORLD WAS SAVED.
BUT IS IT REALLY OVER? I DON'T KNOW IF WE'LL EVER KNOW THE ANSWER TO THAT.
THAT IS A QUESTION FOR TOMORROW.
BUT THE VICTORY HERE IS THAT WE HAVE A TOMORROW AFTER ALL.
THE END

AFTERWORD

THE TERMINATOR *SEQUEL BEFORE THE* TERMINATOR *SEQUEL*

When this book came out in 1990, neither the publisher, NOW Comics, nor the creative team of Ron Fortier and I were aware that James Cameron was preparing a sequel to his breakout hit movie from 1984. As far as we all knew, *The Terminator* was a one-and-done phenomenon. Aside from *The Terminator*'s continued life on videotape and laser disc, the comic-book revival of the movie's concepts seemed to be the only continuation of the franchise. When we made this miniseries, it was our intent to create a movielike sequel to the much-enjoyed film.

NOW Comics had already run through a number of issues of a *Terminator* comic book before this project came up. I was working at an ad agency in Chicago doing storyboards when one of my coworkers, who had freelanced on the side with NOW, was offered the *Terminator* miniseries. My friend turned to me and said, "Hey, you always wanted to do comics. Why don't you try out for this thing?"

He was right. I had comics page samples ready to go, and I was hungry to get my start in the career I dreamed of. I just didn't think I had any special affinity for the world of *Terminator*. My coworker set up introductions, and I did additional samples to try to impress the publisher. I was mostly driven to get into comics wherever I could, and this freelance gig was ready to go, allowing me to achieve a particular burning ambition: to be published while I was still in my teens. I was nineteen when I finished a quick two-year program at the same art school my mom went to, and I was very lucky to find employment at all, let alone doing art full time for commercial storyboards. Now I could very quickly achieve the more vain goal of getting into the art form I'd idolized at a young age, which I thought would sound impressive to someone someday. Was I right? What I would come to understand is that such a goal comes at a cost, namely that my first comics work would have to suck . . . so much.

Now, that's not necessarily an absolute that has to happen to everyone. It just happened to be how I shaped the outcome.

I was used to doing full-body portraits of live models in various media each day in my art classes, so I was very delusional about how fast I really was. I thought, "Hey, I can do a painting, drawing, or whatever a day. How can I not do a full comics page a day?" Add to that the ambition of keeping my basic learned "style" the same—painting the pages rather than inking them. Since the developing technology of laser-scanning artwork had come into the business, I was encouraged to think that they could print whatever I turned in. There was no reason for me to try to learn a pen-and-ink style . . . except I really didn't paint beyond a certain point. I was trained as an oil painter primarily and had no skill with watercolors yet. Oil paint is wet for a long time and is fairly unworkable for the finely detailed, multipanel form of comics art. The rendering method that I was comfortable with was what I was using for my day job in storyboard art: markers and colored pencils, which proved a very difficult way to illustrate the series.

Alexander
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Painting created by Ross to advertise the original 1990 serialization of *The Burning Earth*.

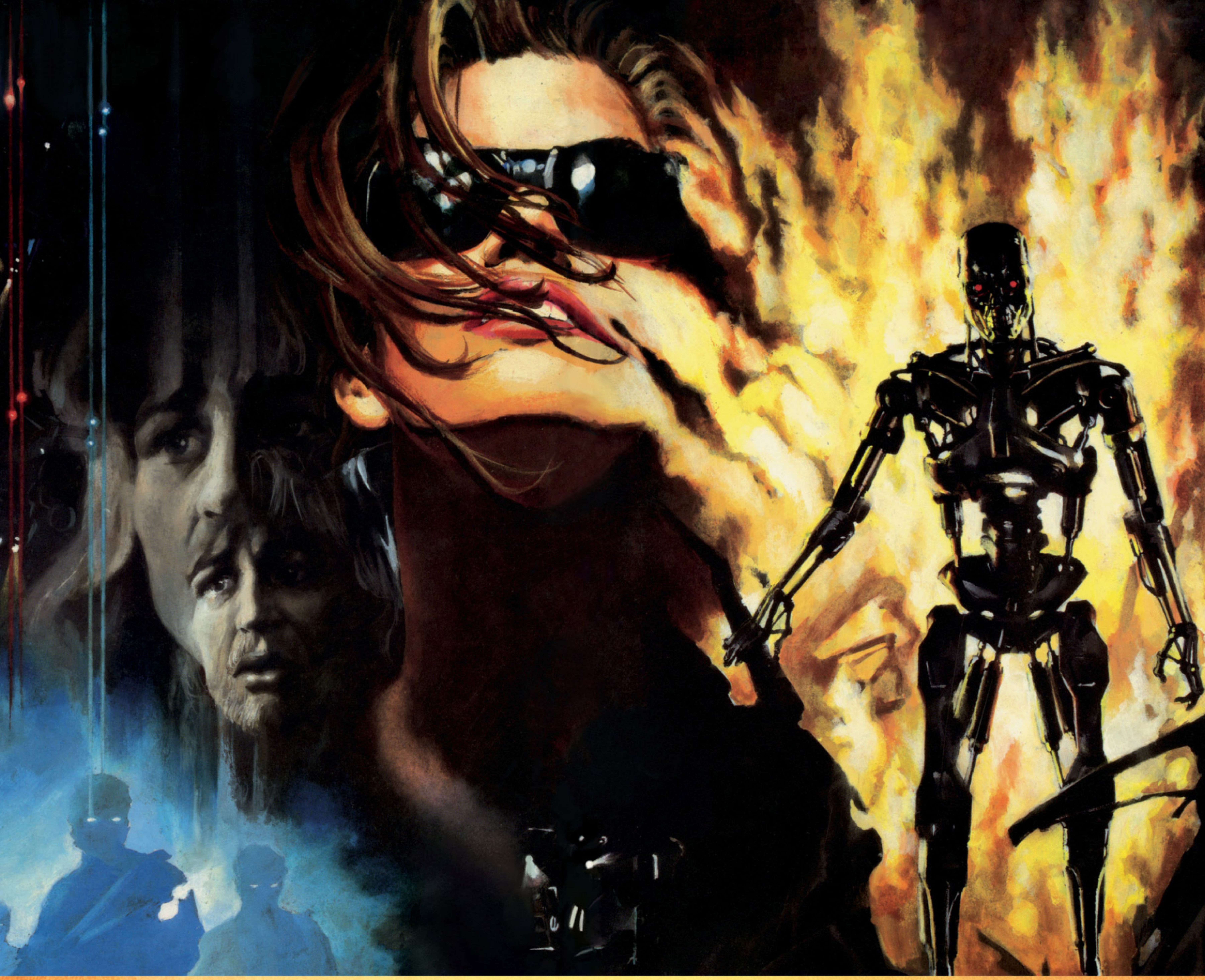
When I started the first issue, I was living with my parents again. I say "again" because I had just completed two years of independence (with their money) living in a dormitory and had returned to the folks' nest before I could eventually afford my own way out, like many people do. Each day I would come home from downtown Chicago to sit at the kitchen table, which was the only broad, clear surface available to do my work, and attempt to make fully rendered color pages for *The Burning Earth*. Well, I burned myself out within about two pages. On the second page I had the first close-ups of faces, an opportunity to put my best foot forward with the kind of realism I yearned to make. I had a few photos I'd quickly scrounged up, and I soon learned that I needed way, way more than I had to do this job like I had imagined.

I knew there was no time in the schedule to shoot photo reference myself (I didn't even own a camera yet), and I really couldn't see how I could assemble all of the specific models, props, and lighting equipment that I thought I would need. So if you look at page 2 from issue #1, you'll see the transition midpage between the kind of more photo-based, realistic comic I originally wanted to do and the drawn-out-of-my-head series that followed. By the end of issue #1, I also recognized that I needed a quicker illustration shortcut to get away from drawing and coloring on white paper. From issue #2 on, I was finally living on my own (well, with only a very surly roommate), and I worked on black illustration board for the rest of the five issues. I built up from white paint on highlighted areas to a waxy colored-pencil finish for the illusion of "painting." It's truly horrible.

I did feel that I got better as it went along, and it was a true trial by fire to lay out and draw a comic book by mind's eye only, with no reference to fall back on—though I did begin to incorporate likenesses of former fellow students as background characters to keep myself interested. The one thing I felt most appealing about the original *Terminator* film that I tried to connect with artistically was the story's true lead, played by Linda Hamilton. In this story, though, her character was long since dead. Believe it or not, I tried to translate her face through her adult, future son, bearded and Christlike to boot. With all of my graphic limitations, I still had the hubris to think I could craft a credible painted comic sequel to the now-legendary film. For all we knew, this was all there would ever be.

Perhaps the greatest acknowledgement of our book making any kind of mark is that NOW commissioned another painted *Terminator* miniseries shortly afterward. This one actually was painted. For me, *Terminator* clearly opened up multiple doors in my comics career. Kurt Busiek contacted me to work for Marvel, and I gained inspiration for what would become *Marvels* in a sales pitch. With my cover illustration for this reprinted volume, I pay homage to my *Marvels* inspiration by painting a Terminator skeleton on fire again—for the second time in twenty-three years. The original *Burning Earth* collection where I first painted this helped me realize that I would like to paint the Human Torch.

Those are the nicest things I can say about this work experience. There was a lot of acrimony with the publisher, and I have plenty to regret about my performance, thinking I could have done a much better job for my start in comics. It turns out that having a nine-to-five day job five days a week plus twenty-three "painted" pages and a cover to do each



The wraparound cover from NOW Comics' *Burning Earth* trade paperback.

month is an unhealthy combination. I lived through it and learned to manage my time and expectations a bit better.

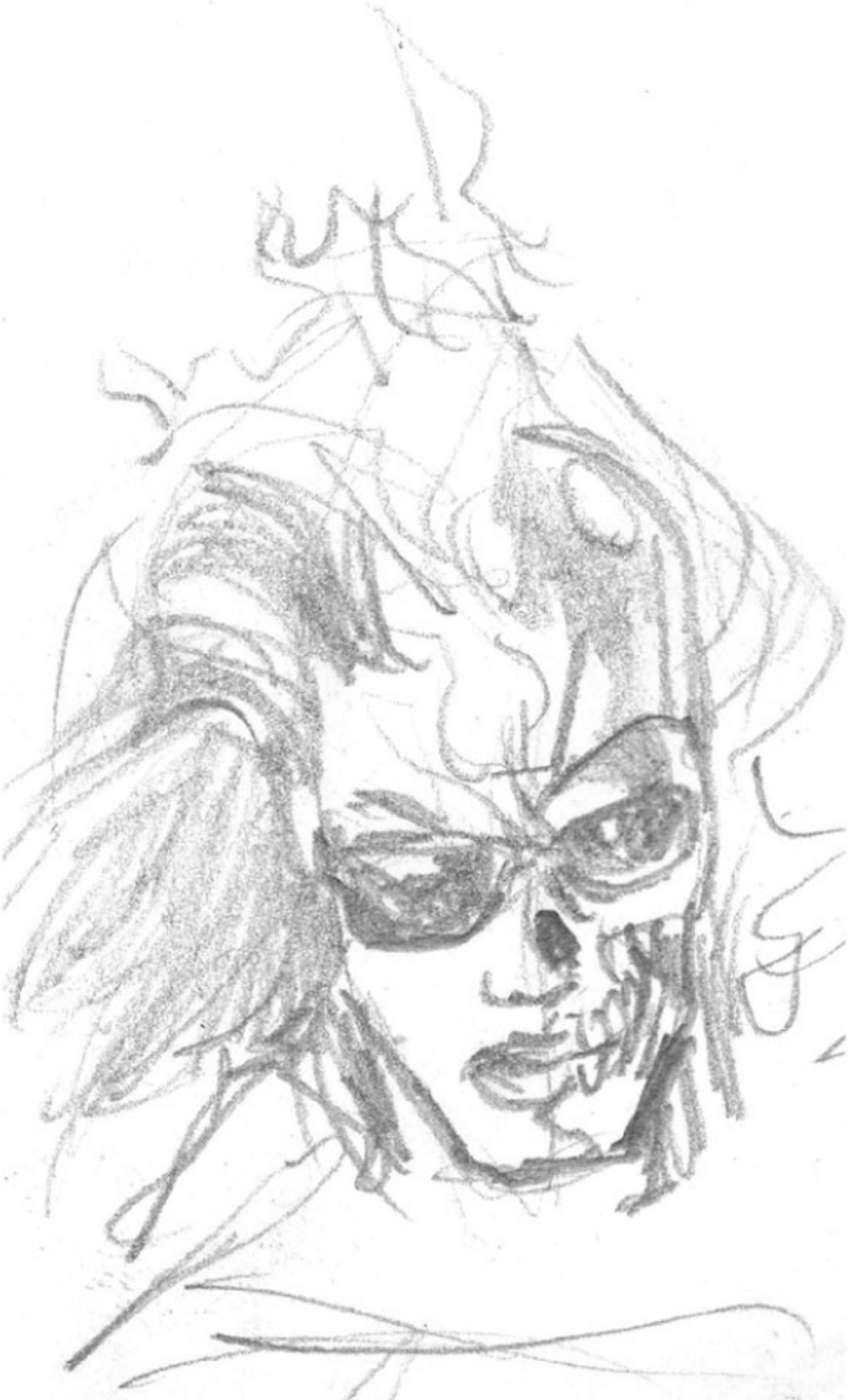
Since we would all learn that James Cameron was returning with the inimitable *T2* shortly after we finished our series, it did seem like a bit of a joke. I know that it nearly killed me to make a sequel to his original film, but I shouldn't regret it too much. I did get a comic out while many of my fellow students were still in school, so I could feel like a big shot. I got my first comic-book-business lawsuit in really early, and I learned valuable lessons, blah blah blah.

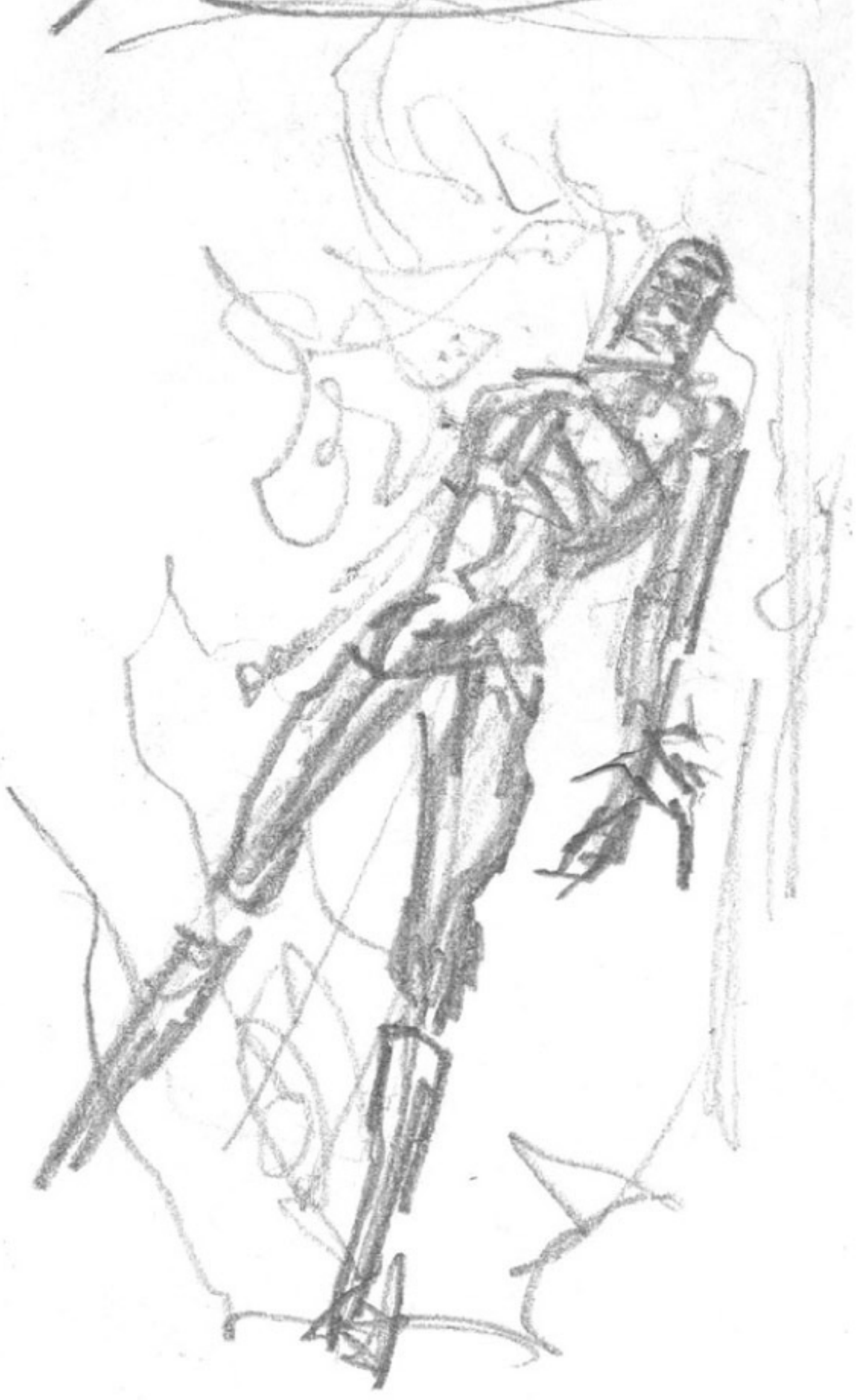
I will look at this collection as a monument to my boundless ambitions. I hope you will look at this as an interesting piece of the history of the *Terminator* franchise.

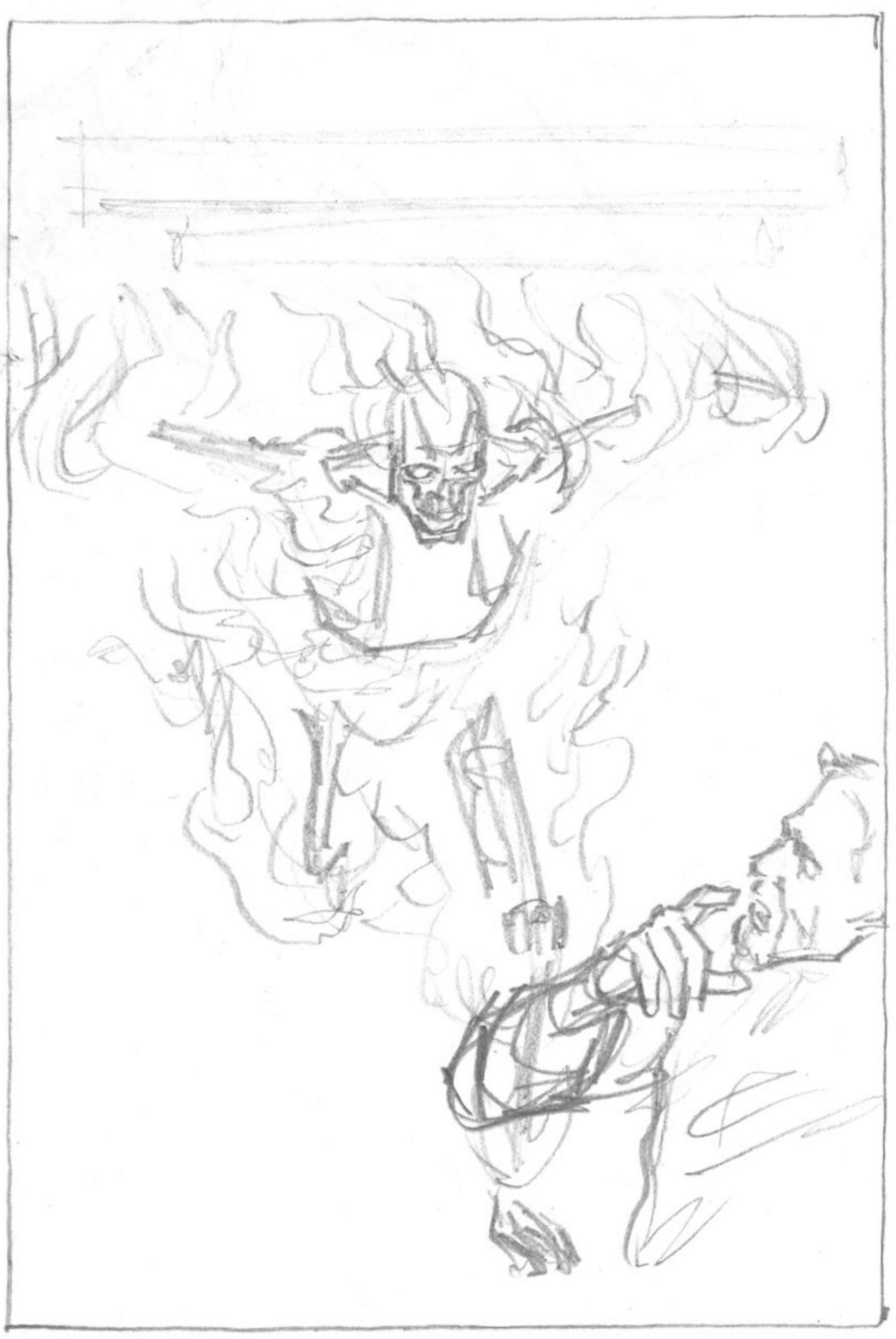
Alex Ross
July 2013

TERMINATOR: THE BURNING EARTH

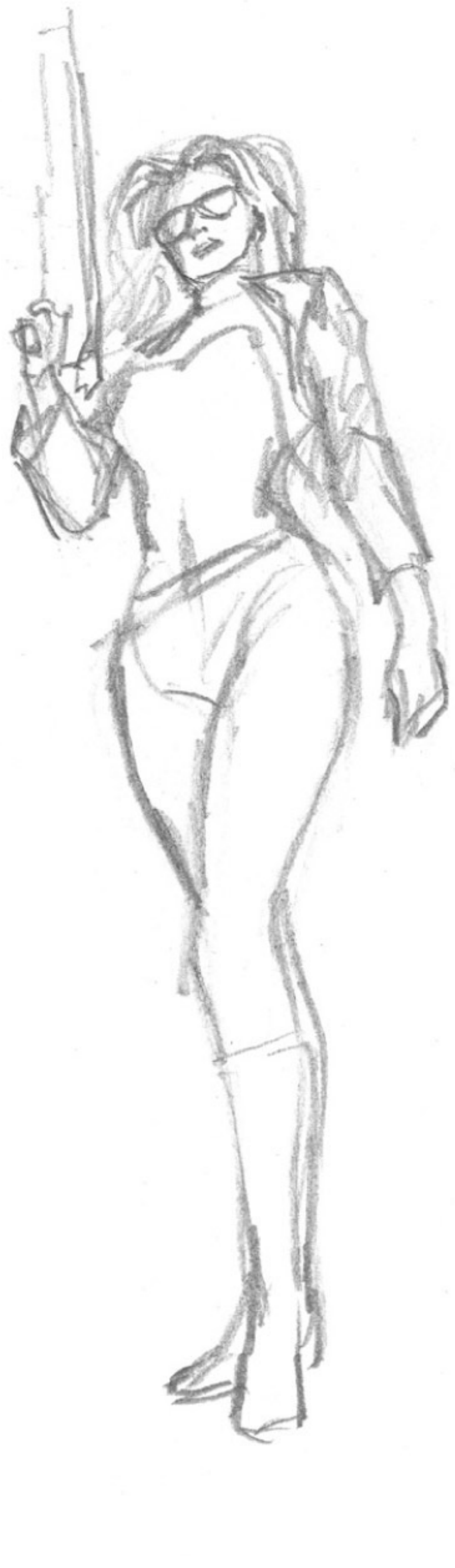
SKETCHBOOK

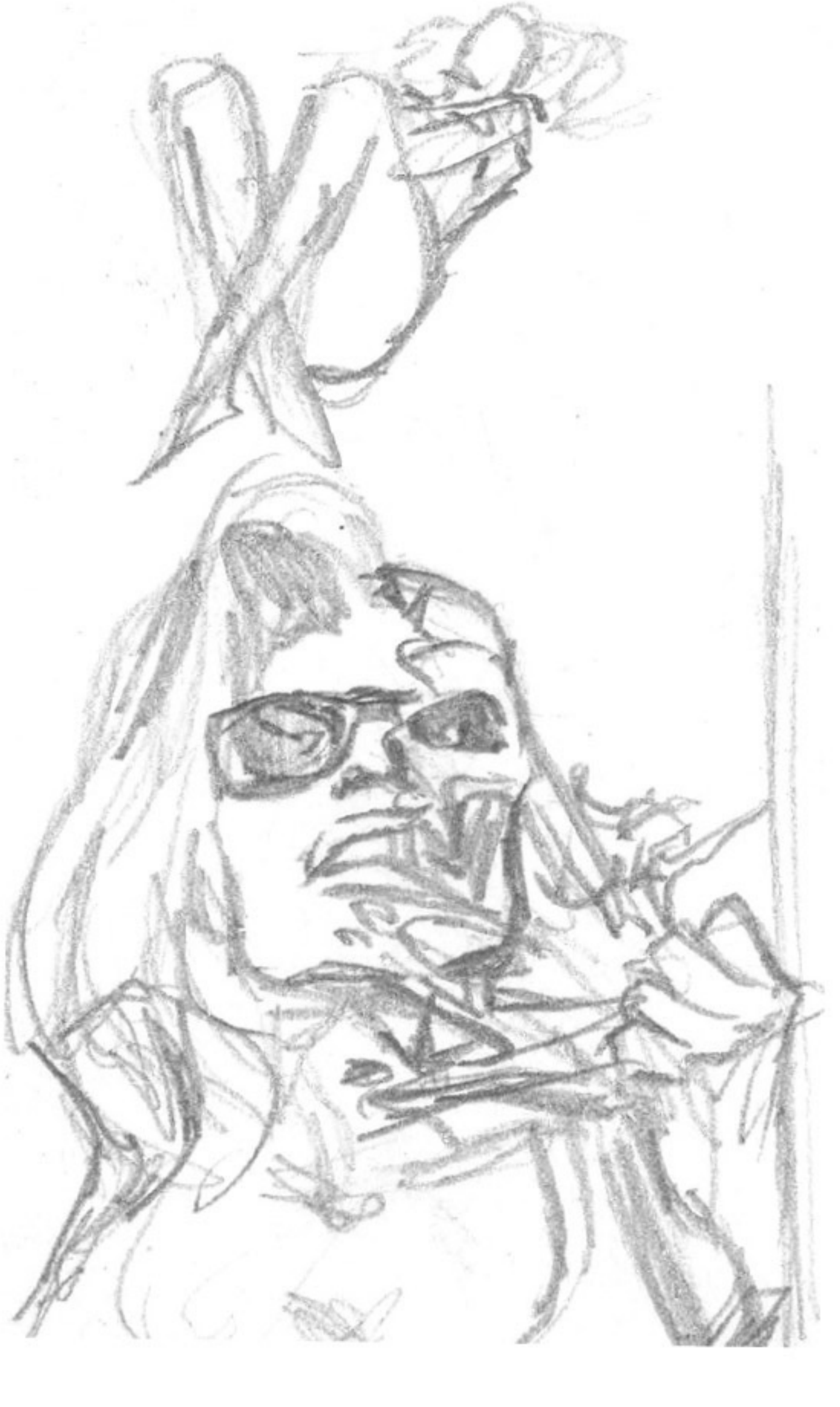


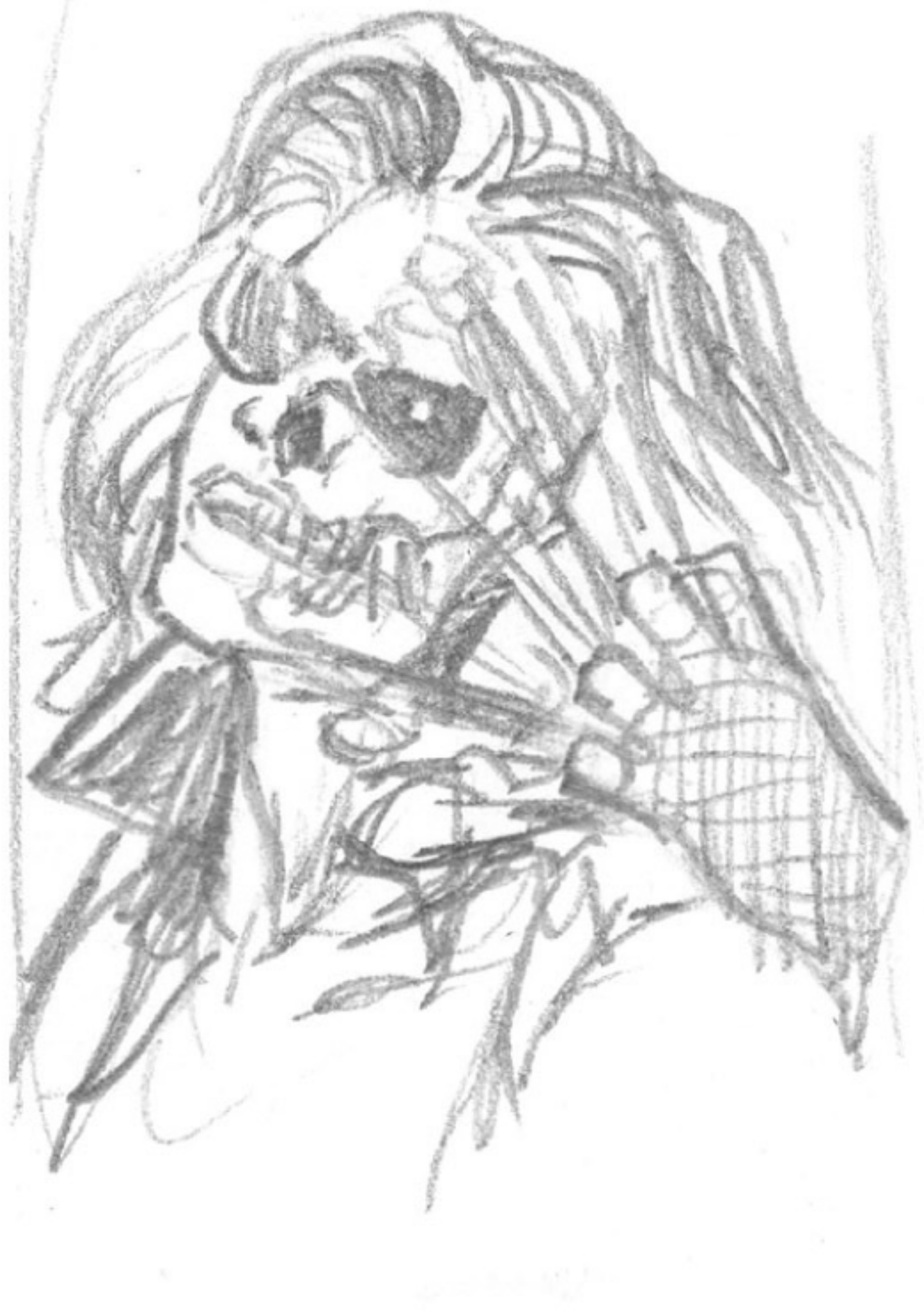


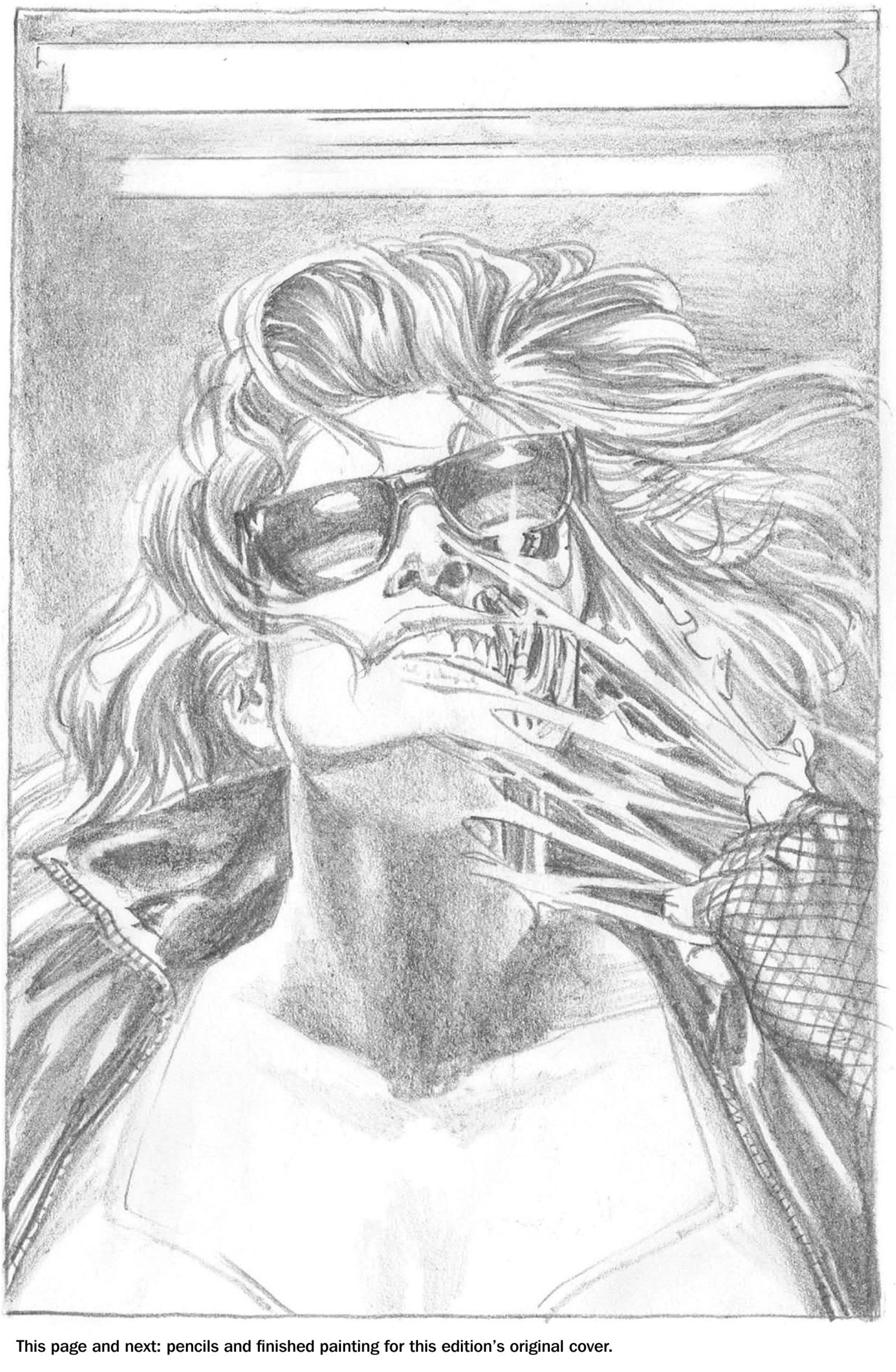


Concept sketches for this edition's new cover painting. Ross tried out several concepts using the T-808 Aurora, as well as a Terminator attacking a resistance fighter.

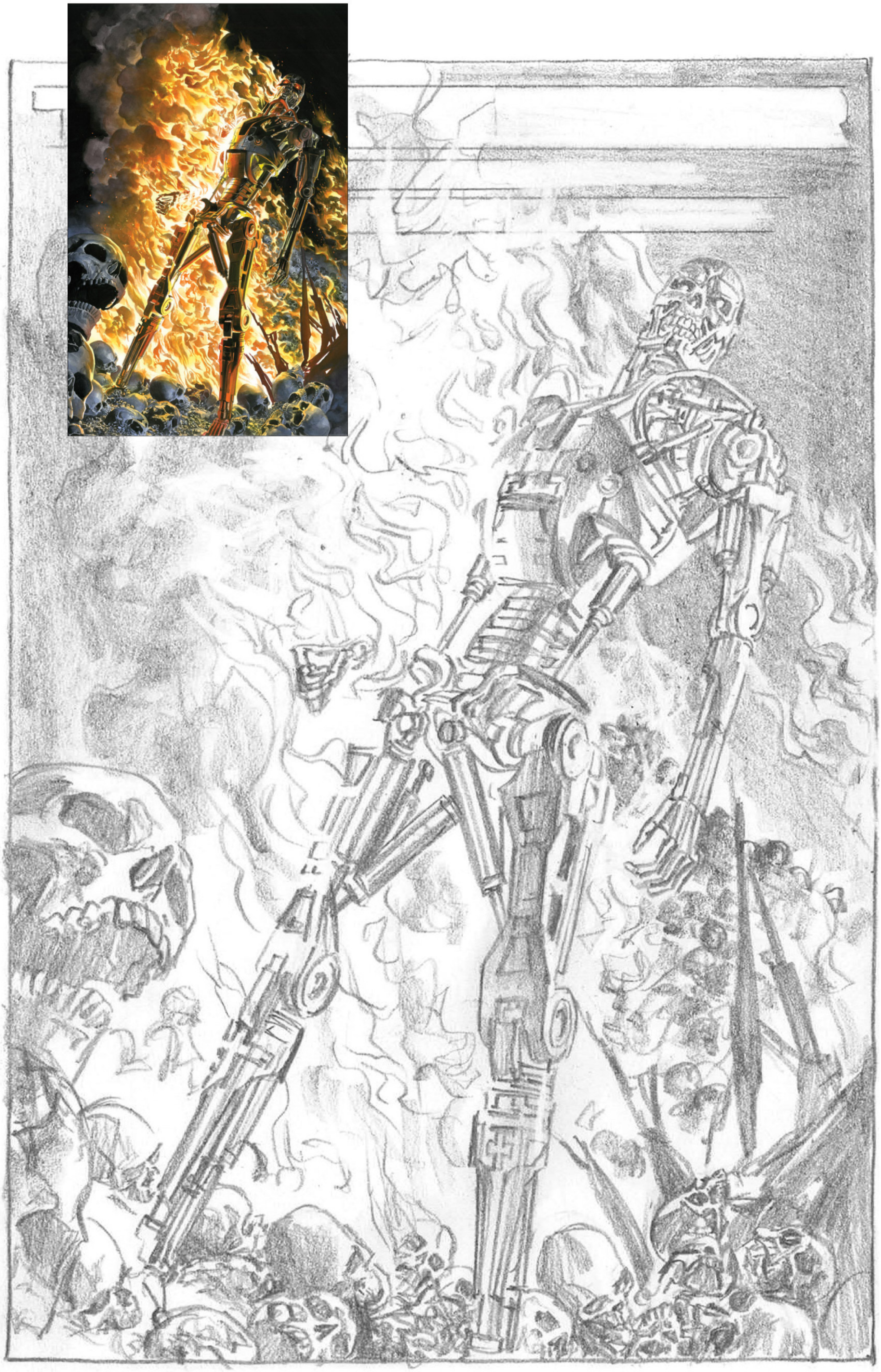








This page and next: pencils and finished painting for this edition's original cover.



TERMINATOR™
THE BURNING EARTH

THE WAR IS FORTY YEARS OLD.
NO ONE REMEMBERS WHAT YEAR IT IS SUPPOSED TO BE.

The self-aware computer defense system Skynet's extermination of humanity nears completion, with only three percent of the human population remaining. Seizing the opportunity for total annihilation, Skynet prepares a nuclear strike, even as a new-model 808 Terminator sets its sights on an aging John Connor and his remaining resistance fighters. Their only hope is to take the fight to Skynet's mainframe at Thunder Mountain.

Featuring career-making art from Alex Ross, *Terminator: The Burning Earth* is the first published work by the Eisner Award–winning comics legend. In addition to the complete story by classic *Terminator* scribe Ron Fortier, this definitive collection includes Ross's return to the franchise with an original cover, plus additional art and sketches, remembrances from Fortier and Ross, and an introduction by Brandon Graham.

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